

WAR TIME BABIES

March 1917

7^dnet

The QUIVER



WHAT A HOPE WE HAVE



IN

BEECHAM'S PILLS

PORT - LIBR.

Per 14192-95

OVERHEARD

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend

She. It was offered to them for a hospital . . . just a great big empty house—absolutely *no* conveniences, and d'you know they were going to start straight away to furnish the place without any arrangements for light, fires, hot water or cooking! So mother and I simply rushed round to the gas manager—a topping good sort he was, too—and he said he'd pull us through.

He. Well?

She. The

gas people set to work at once and we had gas radiators fixed in the corridors, incandescent gas everywhere, gas fires in the ward rooms, a gas incinerator—

He. My aunt! What on earth—?

She. Oh! a thing you burn rubbish in—gas sterilizers for the swabs and dressings, gas cookers in the kitchens, gas water-heaters for bath-rooms and all in

T. 161.

two days. We *did* work, I can tell you.

He. Reg'lar old gas works I call it—

She. A lot *you* know about it; why,

you couldn't have done it with anything else in the time, stupid! Besides, don't you see, it saves such a lot of work, and it's so clean and convenient! You'd have to carry coals all over the place, make fires, clean grates and all that—how'd you get the work done?—and how'd you get hot

water to bath and wash in for a big place like that from the kitchen range?

He. Blest if I know, but—

She. Well, anyhow, when the Colonel saw it he was awfully bucked and I must say it looked top hole.

He. What did the old man say?

She (sweetly). Offered us staff appointments so's we could teach "his young blighters" how to hustle!



So's we could teach "his young blighters" how to hustle!



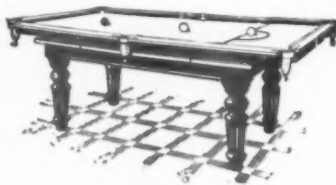
Home Billiards!

For empty Winter evenings introduce a
Riley Billiard Table
 into your home.

You play as you pay—and Seven Days' Free Trial Guarantees your satisfaction

IN the vacant hours from dinner to bedtime—it's then that the young people feel the boredom of doing nothing—then's the time to bring out the "Riley," and in a trice you've got them so fascinated they'll never think of looking outdoors for amusement.

Fascinating?—well, everyone seems to want a hand in it at once; and there's one thing about Riley's Home Billiards—everyone, from ten-year-old Tommy to grandfather, can easily become skilful on a Riley's Billiard Table. And even the expert player finds that so well-finished and well-proportioned are Riley's Tables that on the smallest size one can make the most delicate run-through stroke or long pot, and every stroke with the same nicety as on a full-size table.



Riley's Miniature Billiard Table shown resting on ordinary table.

Riley's no-trouble way to pay

**8/6
down**

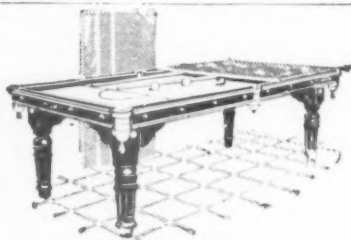
Send 8/6 postal order to us this evening, and within a few days the **£5 15s. 0d.** size RILEY MINIATURE TABLE (the most popular size) will be dispatched, carriage paid (no charge for packages), to any address in the United Kingdom within a mile of a Railway Station. The remainder you pay in fourteen monthly instalments of **8s. 6d.** Any other price of Table in 15 equal monthly payments.

Cash prices are as follows:—

Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in. ...	£3 15 0	Or in	5/6
" 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in. ...	4 15 0	15	7/-
" 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. ...	5 15 0	monthly	8/6
" 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in. ...	7 15 0	payments	11/6
" 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in. ...	10 15 0	of	16/-

RILEY'S MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLE

fits securely on any dining table. Solid mahogany, French polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystal balls, and all accessories included.



Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table.

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE.

Handsome as a dining table and perfect as a Billiard Table. Solid mahogany; low frost-proof rubber cushions; best slate bed; patent automatic raising and lowering action. Dining table top of polished oak or mahogany.

Cash prices are:—

Size 5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in. ...	£13 10 0
" 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ...	15 0 0
" 7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in. ...	18 10 0
" 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in. ...	24 10 0
" 9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 10 in. ...	32 0 0

Or in 12 or 18 monthly payments.

Seven Days' Free Trial

Couldn't be a better guarantee of satisfaction than Riley's promise to accept the Table back if after seven days' trial you are dissatisfied. Send first instalment at once and make this test quite free.

FREE on receipt of post card full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Brandon Works, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms: 147 Aldersgate Street, E.C.



Wartime economy to buy Waterman's Ideal—the great time saver.

THE HEADMASTER OF A LARGE SCHOOL writes:

October 18, 1916.

"Having to-day obtained a second 'Waterman' to replace one lost after eight years' use, it may interest you to learn to what an intimate degree an ordinary man may become attached to the pen he uses day by day. I cannot compute the number of words it has written; it is no part of my business to write books. It has signed no documents of historic interest; I am no more than a humble citizen.

"But, having refused for a week to buy one that should take its place, I realise that in its possession I enjoyed more than a pen; it had become an indispensable part of my existence. From first to last it wrote smoothly, easily. It was at any time ready for duty. I was 'lost' without it, and at the end of a week decided that it was a 'wartime economy' to replace it."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

In the Service of the Nation's Business.

Waterman's Ideal saves time every minute of the day every day of the year.

Waterman's Ideal has for two generations been the foremost tool of writing efficiency and dispatch. It is first and last the Fountain Pen of SERVICE. In the pockets and on the desks of those who do things it is an ever-present and ever-ready companion to progress.

Waterman's Ideal is the pen they want at the Front - - Send the SAFETY type.

Three types: Regular, 10s. 6d. and upwards. Lever Pocket Self-Filling and SAFETY types, 15s. and upwards. Special pens for presentation. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens on view for inspection and trial. Booklet free from—

L. G. SLOAN Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS

TELLS READERS

"HOW I SECURED MY BEAUTIFUL HAIR"

Special Interview—Gina Palerme's Interesting Revelation.

IMMENSE GIFT OF 1,000,000 HAIR-BEAUTIFYING OUTFITS READY FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
(See Special Free Coupon below).

FEW MORE beautiful women grace the English stage to-day than that loveliest of French actresses, Gina Palerme. A few years before the war Gina Palerme landed, unheralded, on our shores. A supreme favourite in France, it had long been her great ambition to be an "Entente" actress, for her true Parisian instinct told her that a British audience would welcome and appreciate the talent of the sister Country.

"If only for one thing," remarked Miss Palerme, while being interviewed recently, "I have to thank this Country for teaching me how to care for my hair. Everyone knows how proud I am of my (I think I may say it without excessive vanity) beautiful and plentiful hair."

"Ever since I can remember I have cultivated and cared for it most assiduously, but it has never been so resplendent, radiant, and beautiful as now. Shall I tell you why? It is only right and fair that I should, for I owe it entirely to British thought and skill."

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" IS UNEQUALLED.

"I am a constant and conscientious practiser of the famous 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' a preparation and process that, to my mind, is unequalled for not only maintaining one's hair in its natural excellence, but adding generously to its charm and colour."

"Of course, I have used many other preparations in my time, but I have never yet found anything so consistent and so certain in its beneficial effects as 'Harlene Hair-Drill.' I am more than deeply conscious of my great indebtedness to 'Hair-Drill,' for, as every professional knows, nothing is more trying than the trials to which our hair is subjected."

Many other famous actresses and queens of the cinema theatres have added their testimony to the hair-

beautifying qualities of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Letters have literally poured in to the Discoverer-Inventor of this most popular and uniformly successful method of growing luxuriant and beautiful hair.

TO-DAY'S GIFT OFFER TO EVERY READER.

In order to prove for yourself, without cost, how easy it is to make your own hair more radiantly beautiful and healthy in appearance, you may apply for one of the 1,000,000 Free Four-Fold "Hair-Drill" Gift Outfits which are now being distributed. It will be sent you immediately you post the coupon below.

And see what a wonderful and complete Gift this is. It comprises:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food and Dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvelous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uxon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions for this hair-growing exercise.

Future supplies from your local chemist at 1/-, 2/- 6 or 4/- 6 per bottle. (In solidified form, "Harlene" is now ready for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., sold in tins at 2/- with full directions as to use.) "Uxon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/- per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d. each, or 1/- per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 25, 27, 29 and 31 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed. Write to-day.



MISS GINA PALERME

The popular and talented French actress. Everyone will read with special interest her impressive remarks on the subject of the cultivation of beautiful hair.



FREE

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

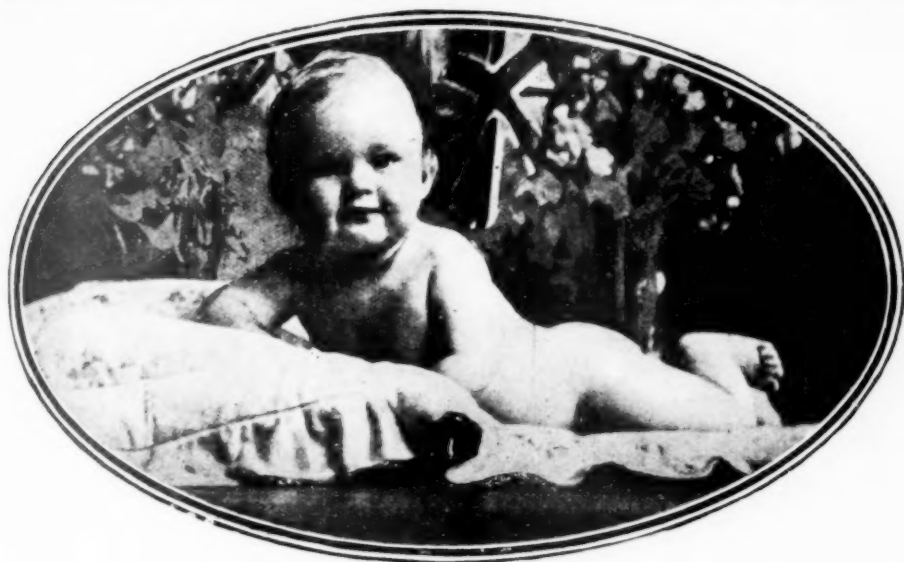
Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 25, 27, 29 and 31 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four Fold Hair-growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Date, Month, Year)



"A DANDY BABY" in the Far West.

2235-14th Avenue West, Vancouver, B.C.,
September 16th, 1916.

Dear Sirs,—Having seen in the *Daily Sketch* of August 16th the picture of your South African Baby reared on your Gripe Water, I felt sure you would like a picture of my baby reared on the same. She has had nothing but your Celebrated **GRYPE WATER**, which I highly recommend to everybody I meet. She had it from a day old, and, as you will see by the enclosed, she is a **DANDY BABY**; never one day's sickness. I am quite sure it is your Gripe Water that has kept her in order, as she has had nothing else whatever.

You are at liberty to use both letter and picture.—Yours truly,

MRS. F. WILLIAMS.

WOODWARD'S "GRYPE WATER"

A perfectly safe and sure remedy for the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

Registered Trade
Mark No. 99.



Contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical approval.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

Of all Chemists and Stores, Price 1/3.

Prepared
only by

W. WOODWARD, Ltd.

Registered
Trade Mark
No. 100.

GRYPE WATER.



"He always admires my beautiful hair."

THOUSANDS of women whose hair is the envy and admiration of their friends attribute their profusion of hair to the simple, scientific, inimitable remedy Tatcho, the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the celebrated author and philanthropist.

Well-known Society people whose names and ranks carry conviction have written their grateful thanks to the Company founded under Mr. Geo. R. Sims' auspices. If your hair is coming out in the comb, if it is brittle, if it lacks lustre, these are the ways that Nature warns you to begin a course with Tatcho.

Tatcho strengthens the hair at the moment that it needs it most. The scalp becomes fresh and healthy, and you have to look for the stray hair in the comb and brush instead of bewailing the number that you find there.

TATCHO

the HAIR GROWER

Tatcho is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1s. and 2s. 6d., each bottle bearing the following guarantee:—

"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Geo R Sims



Player's NAVY CUT

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking"

TOBACCO

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut	per ounce.
Player's Medium Navy Cut	7 ^d .
Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut	6 ^d
Player's 'White Label' Navy Cut	1/6
Player's Navy Cut De Luxe	per 2-oz. tin

CIGARETTES

Gold Leaf Navy Cut—	
Tin of 100	3/8
Tin of 50	1/10
Medium Navy Cut—	
Card Box of 100	3/-
Card Box of 50	1/7

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home, and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to:—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P. 619

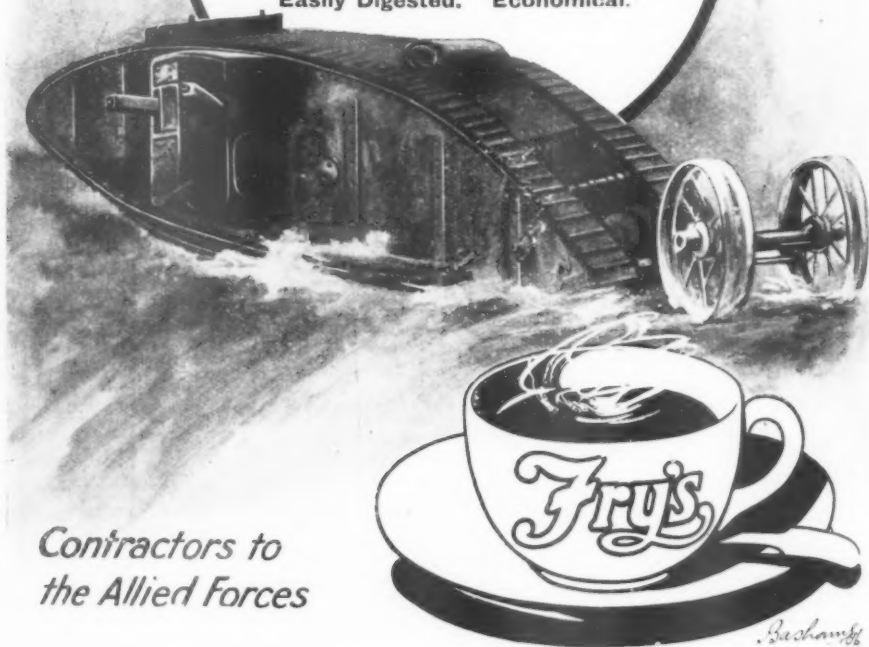


FORERUNNERS of a Successful Day.

To surmount all obstacles
and get through the most trying
conditions, physical fitness is a *sine qua non*.

Fry's PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA

contains the very ingredients to ensure
this to those who drink it regularly.
Easily Digested. Economical.



*Contractors to
the Allied Forces*

Richards

Daimler

“Noblesse Oblige”



THE prestige of the Daimler is the constant care of every Daimler craftsman. It is reflected in the fine quality of the varied engineering for war purposes now going through the works.

IT will shine with increased brilliancy after the war, for the Daimler activities will prove a wonderful chapter in the war's history.



**The Daimler Company, Ltd.
COVENTRY**

London Showrooms : 27 Pall Mall.

Hire Dept. : Store St., Tottenham Court Rd., W.C.

MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, LEEDS, NOTTINGHAM, NEWCASTLE

STANWORTHS' "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 5/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for recovering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



COUPON

The League of Young British Citizens

MOTTO:

"For God and the Empire: By Love serving one another."

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the L.Y.B.C. I will do all I possibly can to be true to its ideals and to carry out its object. I enclose two penny stamps for a Certificate of Membership.

Name

Age and date of birth

Address

Signature of Parent or Guardian

(To be filled in if member is under 14 years of age.)



The Fighting Spirit

and the will to do things that count depend entirely on the state of your health.

The one who does the hardest day's work with a good spirit—doesn't have to be troubled with headache, depression, or tiredness the day the record is made.

Good blood and good health are partners.

Keep the blood pure, have every organ working perfectly, ensure that all that is not needed for the building of your body is thrown off, and you will experience the joy of life "packed to the brim and running over."



Chocoloids

The Cure for Constipation

will prove a boon to all who suffer from Constipation, and the consequent headaches, loss of appetite, depression of the nervous system, etc.

The composition of Chocoloids is entirely herbal in character, and they assist nature in a perfectly natural manner. They are always effective, yet never drastic.

Take Chocoloids and have your friends say "How well you look!"

Packed in dainty boxes, Chocoloids are convenient for travelling and are unaffected by changes of climate.

Send a Tin to the Front

Our men in France cannot afford to lose one jot of their efficiency for their own sakes. You will be helping your "saviour boy" to keep fit if you send him a box of Chocoloids.

Price 2/6 per Box

of 60 Tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case.

Sample Box 1/3

containing 24 Tablets.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Druggists.

Let us send you a Box

If you cannot get in Chocoloids locally send us P.O. 1/3 for the full sized Sample Box.



THE
CHOCOLOID
CO., Dept. M.,
Stirchley
Laboratories,
Birmingham.



ANOTHER AFFAIR OF THE 'TANKS'
BUT THIS TIME WITH THE AID OF

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP the

SOLDIERS' SOAP.

Include a supply
in the next
parcel to your
Soldier friend.

Box of
3 Tablets 1/-



SHORTHAND IN THREE DAYS

A First Lesson for "Quiver" Readers.
ONLY SIX RULES.

Every reader of "THE QUIVER" can learn the new **Dutton Shorthand**, the simplest and highest speed system in the world. Though this system was only first published three months ago, hundreds of people have already secured well-paid berths as shorthand clerks through having acquired this simple but effective method. There are only six rules and 29 characters to be learned. Many students have completed the theory in 12 hours, and every person of average intelligence can do so in 18 hours.

Try your hand at the following simple 30-minute lesson:—

F), K —, L), M —, P), R (up) /, T —.

A as in "tape" is represented by a small circle o, while short "e" as in "let" is always omitted.

In Shorthand the SOUNDS OF WORDS are written, no notice being taken of the longhand spelling. Thus, *take* would be represented by the sounds for l, a, k; *boat*, by b, o, t. The circle vowel "a" is written inside curves, but when an angle is caused by the joining of two strokes, the circle is written *outside* the angle, thus:

fail f, rake r, pair p, male m.

RULE 1.

R is added to any stroke doubled in length, as
pay p, pray p, fail f, frail f, frailer f.

Now try the following exercise:—

Lake, l, a, k.	later, l, a, tr.
Take, t, a, k.	prefer, pr, fr.
Fair, f, a, r.	maker, m, a, kr.
Tray, tr, a.	perpetrate,
Frame, fr, a, m.	pr, p, tr, a, t.

Now see if you are already capable of writing sentences. *Th* is denoted by the t stroke; *a* by a dot.

1. The frail mare fell lame.
2. Kate may make a cake.
3. The paper came late.
4. The trailer may take the freight.

KEY.

1. ~ f r a i l m a r e f e l l l a m e .
2. ~ k a t e m a y m a k e a c a k e .

70 WORDS A MINUTE IN THREE DAYS

At a recent three-day class conducted by the author, Mr. Reginald J. G. Dutton, at the London branch of Dutton's Business College, a convalescent officer completed the course early on the third day. After practising a special phrase exercise, he took down a business letter bearing thereon at **70 words a minute**.

DUTTON'S the high-speed system

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest and **highest speed** system, and a writer of another system at 120 words per minute would reach 100 with Dutton's. A comparison of the Dutton with the Pitman, Sloan Duployan and Gregg systems: full particulars of the Day and Evening Classes held at the new London branch, 92 and 94, Great Russell Street, W.C. (near the British Museum); and of the special postal course of tuition, will be sent by return to every reader sending stamped addressed envelope to

Dutton's National Business College,
Room 42, SKEGNESS.

Full Protection for Little Feet—

Special care must be taken during this month and next to guard the young people against sudden drenchings, and foot protection must have first consideration.

Parents of healthy, romping boys and girls know only too well that something extra good is necessary to withstand the hard service demanded of footwear by young owners, and Norwells are supplying wise parents all over the country with the "something special" in boots and shoes.

There are models for children of every age—footwear sensible in shape—allowing free scope for the natural development of growing feet—smart in appearance, well finished inside, and made from the finest materials by craftsmen who put strength in every stitch.

The 'Gordon' Boot



Uppers cut from stout leather; stitched welts; the welt extending around the ankle; flexible; a handy boot for sturdy children.

Sizes 4, 5, 6 .. 7 11
.. 7, 8, 9, 10 .. 8 11
.. 11, 12, 13, 1 .. 10 6

The 'Academy' Boot

Girls' black or brown boots with attached facing boots; double sole; good for school or any wear.



Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10 .. 9 6
.. 11, 12, 13, 1 .. 10 6
Size 2 .. 12 6
Males sizes 3, 4, 5 .. 13 6

Norwell's 'Perth' Boots

"Direct from Scotland."

Norwells guarantee perfect satisfaction with every transaction or cheerfully refund every penny of your money.

D. NORWELL & SON,
PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Specialists in good-wearing Footwear.
Established over 100 years.

Foreign orders receive special attention. Orders sent post free in Britain; foreign postage extra.

Write NOW for New Footwear Catalogue.



Trust the man behind the boot.

op

The 'Glenalmond'

Special quality, boys' silent, welted black box calf or brown willow calf derby boots; best quality and style, glove fitting.



Sizes 8, 10 .. 12 6
.. 11, 12, 13, 1 .. 13 6
.. 2, 3, 4, 5 .. 14 6
Youths sizes, 6, 7 .. 15 6

Mother, Your Child needs a Laxative.

*If Tongue is Coated, Stomach Sick, or the
Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give
'California Syrup of Figs.'*

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.



Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle.

"NOW A HAPPY CHILD."

Mrs. A. DAVIS, of 47 Woodborough St., Stapleton Rd., Bristol, writes:

"Allow me to thank you for the relief your 'California Syrup of Figs' has given my little girl.

"She was terribly constipated and only large doses of Castor Oil and other old-fashioned remedies would give her relief. This would be attended before and after with severe griping pains, making her scream until there was danger of convulsions.

"A friend recommended your 'California Syrup of Figs,' and I am thankful to say we now have a happy child."

'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE.

Remember imitations are sometimes substituted, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell 'California Syrup of Figs,' 1/3 and 2/- per bottle.

Buy it to-day



—that bottle of Anzora. You will be delighted with the easy way it masters the boy's hair, keeping it in place, neat and well-brushed, all day. Anzora is the only non-greasy preparation that will effectually master the hair.

Anzora Cream and Anzora Viola are sold by Boys' Outfitters, high-class Chemists and Hair-dressers, in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, or packed in leatherette cases, 2/6 and 4/6 each.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO.,
32-34 Willemsen Lane, N.W.

ANZORA
HAIR CREAM

THE "MARBET" SHREDDER

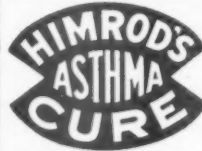


Marmalade made easy and in half the usual time. Perfect shreds taken off and cut to lengths in one operation. Also suitable for shredding vegetables for soup.

Each 10d. (post free). Recipe with each Shredder.

Write for complete list of Elbard Household Specialties.

May be obtained of all Ironmongers, Stores, etc., or write to
ELBARD PATENTS CO.
(Dept. C), 40 York Road, King's Cross, London, N.



HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

HORLICKS Malted Milk

COCOA Sustaining and Healthful

Also HORLICKS M.M. packet Chocolate of all Chemists and Grocers

Walford

The War-Walker

Wherever there is walking to be done, indoors or out of doors, you waste energy—and footwear—needlessly unless you wear Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

Why, do you suppose, have Wood-Milnes grown to be the household name they are? Why do Wood-Milne sales so far out-distance all the others?

That Value and that Quality which have made Wood-Milnes world-famous are there in every pair to commend Wood-Milnes to you.



Wood-Milne RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS

Made in a wide variety of sizes, shapes and qualities. The Wood-Milne "SPECIAL" Heel is a triumph of resilience and endurance.

R 378



BROWN'S BARLEY KERNELS

MAKE A HAPPY FAMILY



MOTHER knows a 4½d. Box will make 10 Nutritious Puddings without the aid of Eggs.

SISTER knows it is good for the Skin and Complexion.

FATHER knows it prevents Kidney Trouble.

The BOYS know it is ever so much nicer than rice.

And they ALL know it makes the very Best Barley Water obtainable.

Brown's Barley Kernels not only make delicious Creamy Puddings without the aid of Eggs, but also make the purest Barley Water. Simply pour boiling water on Brown's Barley Kernels, stand and allow to cool. Nothing better. Nothing easier.

Brown's Barley Kernels differ both in kind and quality from any preparation of Barley on the market. Sold only in Branded Boxes, 4½d., through Grocers, Stores, etc.

W. & G. BROWN, Cereal Food Specialists, DERBY.



Miniature Facsimile of Box.



See that Ironmould Stain?

One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of ironmould.



Removes Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc. Contains no acids and does not harm the faintest fabric in any way. Clothes having a **YELLOW TINGE** have their original colour completely restored by adding a thumbful to the rinsing water.

From Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1/- tubes. If you cannot obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube to

EDGES, Bolton, Lancs.



WHICH will you have ?

YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.

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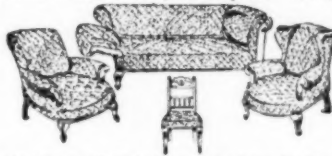
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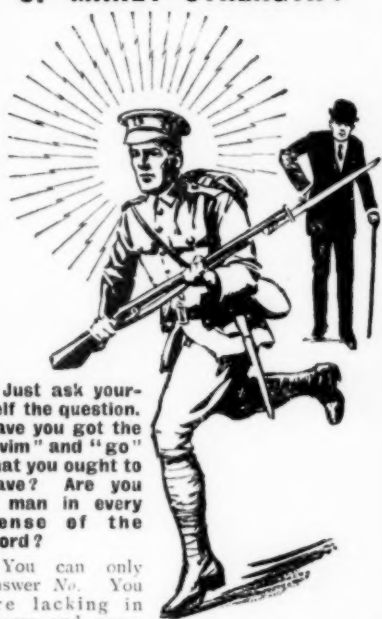
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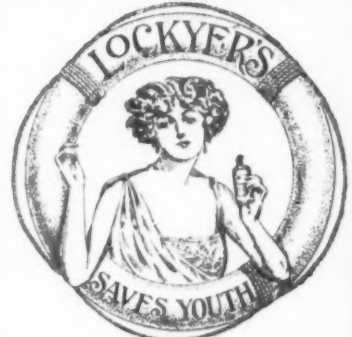
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See page v

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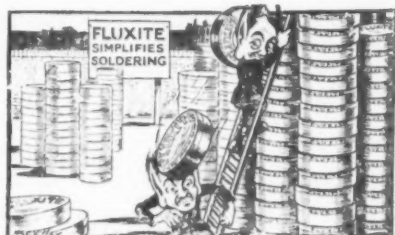
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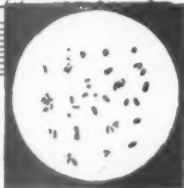
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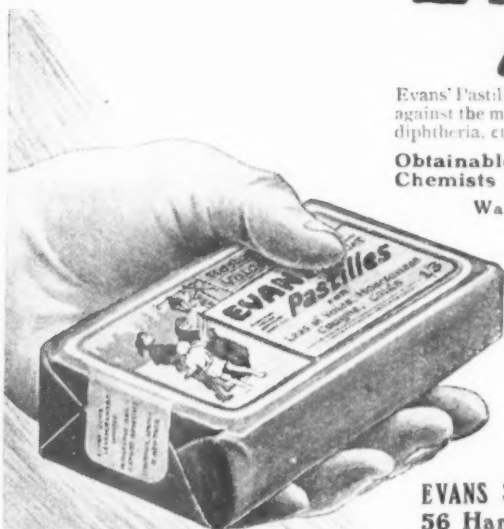
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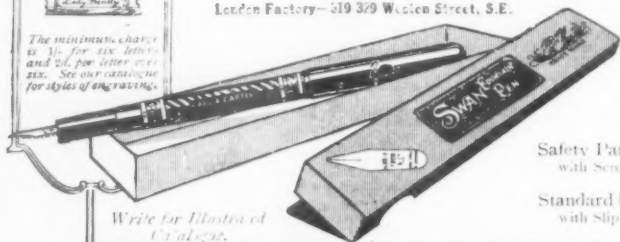
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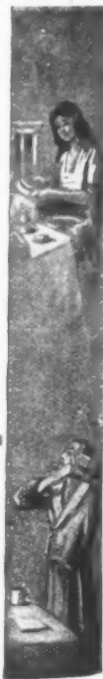
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*Isola ?
Wittich.*



"Richie laid the little garment against his son.
He fingered the material softly, reverently"—p. 338.

*Drawn by
Stanley J. Lee*



THE QUIVER



VOL. LII., No. 5

MARCH, 1917

War-Time Babies' Number

THE UNACCOUNTABLE PURCHASE

By

ELNA HARWOOD WHARTON

TWO or three times Margaret walked by the counter where the filmy, hand-tucked French thing lay, cobwebby with real Valenciennes lace. She fingered it inquiringly, wonderingly. When she saw the price she put it down hastily, aghast at the cost of such a perishable trifle, and turned to another part of the store.

She was buying her trousseau. Her shopping was done in the late afternoons, after four-thirty, when the office closed. Sometimes she found only time to look about without buying, but now and then she added to the store in her bottom drawer. The items on the long, neatly written list in her handbag were gradually checked off, and in the expense column appeared, here and there, an uncalculated article. On the whole her budget was well adhered to. Her practical eye and good taste had led her away from the frivolities of lingerie. Good material, fine, simple hand embroidery, and but little of the less durable lace trimming indicated her preferences. As efficient in the

use of her time after office hours as in her work itself, Margaret's bridal preparations were as complete and dainty as those of many a girl with far more leisure to give to them. Beautiful damask towels were initialed during her long talks with Richard. Her far-seeing purchases had even extended to dish cloths and face towels, each marked with a few quick cross-stitches forming unmistakable initials.

The details of their future life together were gradually developed into a satisfactory working scheme. Unusual attention had been given to this because of Margaret's determination to continue with her professional work after her marriage. Richard's first natural objections had been overcome by the chance accident of his breaking a leg. Fate had seemed to show him concretely the contrast between the deadly inactivity of home life when a wife is able to command sufficient household service, and the thrill of the business world. He had yielded to Margaret's wishes with the single proviso that she would



THE QUIVER

of course abandon the work when the coming of children should make it necessary to do so. If in his heart of hearts he regarded the whole proposition as one in which he was merely humouring an ultra-modern but eminently desirable woman, he was none the less enthusiastically interested in the plans for the management of their future home during her absence from it.

If the potential increase in their establishment was put into the back of Margaret's mind as something too remote and shadowy to concern herself with, she was not in the least unlike thousands of other young women busying themselves about their trousseaux and their housekeeping. But whereas many girls are filled with dreams of little social conquests in their pretty new clothes, and the ordinary round of bride's gaieties, Margaret was giving much thought to the actual problem of running her home well.

On this particular afternoon she wandered about the department store a little abstractedly, after leaving the hand-made French goods that had caught her eye. Suddenly, without the remotest warning from her sensible, logical mind, she found herself taking the lift to the second floor again; found her undirected feet moving towards the counter where the tempting piece still hung; found her eager, trembling fingers counting out five pounds of hard-won money for the contents of a package no bigger than a magazine.

She hurried back to her home with the ridiculous bundle of extravagance, thankful for the fast increasing darkness that permitted her to dash into her own room without betraying by her features to the ready questioners of her family that she had done something unusual. Margaret's usually even mental course was from time to time disturbed by these little ripples of unexpectedness. Something would stir within her after an obscure and usually inexplicable provocation, behave in a perfectly unaccountable way, and then all would move smoothly again. There was, for instance, that morning at college when she had stopped in the middle of the corridor on her way to class and decided it was a pity that sunshine such as that about her should be wasted while she sat in the lecture room. She had, accordingly, marched back to her dormitory, changed her boots, and gone for a ten-mile tramp by herself, returning ex-

hilarated, foot-weary, utterly unable to explain to anyone why she had done so.

She did not intend to display the evidence of her idiocy at home. She tried not to think about it at all. She tried to assure herself that she was still the same keen-minded, capable secretary she had proved herself to be during the office day. In the course of his evening calls Richard sometimes catechised her as to what she had been buying that day, and she usually was able to tell him of some of her purchases. The household linen he saw as she embroidered it, and the rest he pretended to guess at. "Something with roses on it to-day," or "Pink ribbons this time," she laughingly told him.

To-night the thought of Richard sent a hot flush of mortification over her clear cheek. What might he not think if, even after their impending marriage, she told him what she had done? What uneasiness might be caused in his mind that her long-praised common sense might frequently fly off on the wings of impulse like this? Then she saw the whole silly purchase in another light. They were going to have little enough to live on, even if she kept her position; every penny would need careful calculation in its expenditure. The problem of furnishing had already come under their joint consideration. And yet in ten minutes she had thrown away five pounds to buy a piece of finery utterly unsuited to her personality or her station—money that would have paid for half a dozen comfortable little household appointments both might enjoy. How could she have done it? How could she?

Another indefinable element tinged Margaret's remorse. It was not exactly shame, but rather a feeling that the instinct which had led her to desire the bit of lace and linen should have been checked; that it was prompted by an unmaidenly piercing through the veil that screened as yet the inmost intimacies. It was too late to go back with the package that afternoon. She threw it down on the desk in her room, turned on the lights, and carefully closed the door. She laid her street clothes over a chair and put on a negligée for the systematic fifteen minutes' rest she was in the habit of taking before dinner. But the impulse to open the parcel and look at the delicate handwork once more was irresistible. For one rapturous moment she held it under the light,

THE UNACCOUNTABLE PURCHASE

imagining the luxury of an entire wardrobe of such soft, fine garments. Take it back and exchange it? Could she bear to do it?

Hastily she thrust her purchase into its wrappings and found a hiding-place for it in the desk. Lying on her back, compelling herself to relax, she came to a decision as suddenly as she had plunged into the foolish situation. She would neither keep the evidence of her folly about nor finally dispose of it. Sealing wax, string and heavy paper were soon found, and the bundle was secured against chance inspection. She wrote a note to Edna Melton, Richard's sister-in-law. Edna was just the person to take charge of the matter for her—too much occupied with her own affairs to be curious, sufficiently respectful towards Margaret to countenance her most extraordinary acts. It was likely that Edna would have done much the same thing had she repented any of her own extravagances.

"DEAR EDNA (the note ran),—I have been silly and extravagant and bought something I haven't any use for, that I can't exchange or give away, that I don't dare exhibit for fear people will think I've taken leave of my senses. I've done it all up, and want you to put it away in your safe for me, and never, never remind me of it. If I ever repent I'll send for my parcel. Please don't think I've gone absolutely mad.

"Always affectionately,

"MARGARET."

In the morning the note and package were dispatched to Edna by messenger. Edna responded with a telephone call to the office:

"You dear, silly thing! Of course I'll put it away for you. I'm dying to know what it is, but I suppose it's of no use to ask. And I want you to come in to Jack's birthday party this afternoon on your way home. We're going to have a lovely time."

Giving parties was an occupation for which Edna had a special penchant. She was not a good hostess, for she had never learned the art of bringing together people who would

be congenial. She talked too loud and too much, and devoted herself impulsively to one or two of her special intimates, leaving a fringe of helpless unentertained guests to look out for themselves. But she always managed to have an elaborate repast, with many lights and flowers. Margaret knew what the children's party would be like, but felt that after asking something of Edna she could scarcely refuse.

Edna lived in an expensive flat in the West End. Her five rooms

were large and showy, representing a severe tax on John Melton's fairly prosperous business. She kept a cook and a waitress who attended to the various lighter tasks about the house and gave Jack all the attention he received. When Margaret arrived the children were nearly through the ice cream and cake feature of the occasion. Not content

with the huge birthday cake ordered from a fashionable caterer, Edna had supplied mounds of expensive little *gâteaux* covered with icing, macaroons, wonderful minute cream puffs, fragile confectionery kisses. There was a good deal of candy in evidence, and the eleven children present were indiscreetly stuffing themselves. Two or three of their mothers were at the party, but with Edna were chattering in the next room. Jack, who was nine, was older than most of the children present.

Margaret had had very little to do with children at any time, and the little guests at Edna's were of a type with which she was totally unfamiliar. That evening she aired her feelings about them for Richard's benefit.

"Such artificial, dressed-up little girls, Richie. You couldn't imagine any of them playing hide-and-seek or skipping rope. Five or six years old, and all they talked about was their clothes and boys that were their lovers. I asked them if they'd like some games or stories, but they all looked bored and unresponsive till Edna put a record on the gramophone. Then you should have seen them dance! I think children's dancing is lovely, Richie, but somehow this wasn't *right*. They were too conscious, too



THE QUIVER

sophisticated. And the mothers encouraged them!"

"Of course, you never were very sympathetic with children," commented Richard. But Margaret was pursuing her account of the afternoon.

"There was one little girl," she went on, "exactly like a French doll—hair all curled with irons, beautifully dressed, but far too fussy; little rings on her fingers, and immense bows in her hair. She couldn't have been more than six. She started to tell me about the new blue velvet coat Madame Somebody was making for her. I interrupted to ask if they wouldn't all make a ring and play 'Oats, sweet beans, and barley grow,' or 'Farmer in the dell'—and this little thing turned round and said, in the most superior way, 'Oh, games like that are so out of date! Let's have a kissing game!'"

"In the middle of the dancing, Jack whooped into the room in his Indian suit, captured the remnants of the birthday cake, and then dashed into Edna's room, followed by all the boys and some of the girls. Edna and her friends thought it was the funniest thing they had ever seen. But I couldn't bear it. I came away."

A faint shadow lingered for a moment over Richard's expression. Like many large and physically powerful men, he was not only tender and gentle with little children, but filled with a certain amount of idealising sentiment about them. Growing boys he understood fairly well. His conception of younger children was more hazy, based on a few formal encounters with them at his friends' houses. With masculine obtuseness to detail he had noticed only the fair velvety skins and tiny proportions.

Richard had also a preconceived conviction about Margaret, which was unconsciously fostered by many little misinterpreted acts. He was quite sure that some element in her make-up was hostile to children; and as with him marriage was indissolubly associated with fatherhood and motherhood, the thought gave him not a little trouble. The bogey of the professional work, it is true, was laid for the time being by Richard's frank admission that home duties could not possibly fill to satisfaction the entire energies of a woman of Margaret's type. But he found himself speculating again and again as to whether her experiment

in combining business life with marriage would end, as it had with not a few women he could name, in a childless home. There were the Rodmans, for example. Rodman was a broker, Evelyn Rodman was an interior decorator.

The Rodmans typified to him much of what he feared his own life might turn out to be. Each pursued an individual life, meeting for shelter and food under one roof, but concerned with different sets of friends and different business interests. "We can't afford to have children," Evelyn would frankly admit in the semi-Bohemian establishment they maintained. "Children would interfere with Evelyn's career," Rodman explained significantly, once.

This undercurrent of feeling, however, was not important enough to interfere with Richard's adoration of Margaret's charms, or his certainty that for him she was the most desirable woman in the entire universe. He told himself it was simply an unnatural streak, like her determination to go on working. He recalled vividly an incident which indicated her attitude. They were calling together on the Deniston family. The eldest Deniston child had approached Margaret and she had drawn herself away. Richard covered her seemingly unfeeling act by at once lifting the little fellow to his shoulders and going off to romp with him on the porch. As he remained silent and hurt about the matter, he had no opportunity to learn that Margaret was wisely saving her best *crêpe de Chine* from the child's sticky fingers. She—fortunately or otherwise—never once during all this period suspected Richard's torn state of mind towards her.

It happened that he did not accompany Margaret and Mrs. Deniston upstairs when the newest arrival claimed his afternoon nourishment, so he missed the glistening light in Margaret's soft brown eyes when she looked reverently over to the Madonna picture in the low rocker and absorbed Mrs. Deniston's inordinate praise of her baby. When he had completed his meal and she timidly ventured to touch his rose-petal cheek, she experienced the thrill that happens when unconscious infant fingers curl around big ones for the very first time. What Richard heard as he was passing the door was:

"Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Deniston—I wouldn't hold it for the world. I—I might

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drop it or break it or something." Probably Mrs. Deniston understood her alarm perfectly. Certainly Richard could interpret it only one way.

Somewhat more than a year later Margaret's own baby was put into her arms. The intervening months had been busy and beautiful ones. The doctor permitted her to keep on with the office work till four months before the event was expected, for which it was arranged that she should go into a nursing home. Her feeling of dismay on discovering that the profession she cared so much for must be abandoned had long since given way to the normal, joyous preparations for her motherhood.

It was Sunday, and for ten rapturous days little Kennish had been theirs to adore. Richard had called morning and night at the nursing home, laden with flowers for Margaret and propitiatory white boxes for her nurse. A little table was already laid for dinner for two by the window of her room. Richard settled himself for a long confidential talk. Single-handed, he had managed the packing and moving from their small flat to the house at Waterside, which

Margaret was to see for the first time when she left the nursing home, and there were a thousand small details to be gone over with

her—the arrangement of the new extra room, the plans for a garden, and all the other items that a young couple moving to



"For one rapturous moment she held it under the light, imagining the luxury of an entire wardrobe of such fine garments"—p. 394.

Illustration
by
Stanley Davis

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the suburbs from the city find out that a house requires.

"Richie, dear, I want you to do something for me this morning. It won't take very long. It's about a package I asked Edna to keep for me a long time ago, in a funny way. She'll understand. I want you to go over and ask her for it. It's got something in it I bought—when we were engaged—and I didn't know whether I'd ever use it. Now I want it. I'll be dressed when you get back if you go now."

Wondering, Richard set out on her errand. Margaret lay among her pillows, placidly waiting for her clothes to be brought. She was glad after all that she had done it—now that everything was safe about Kennish, and he was such a fine, lusty baby. Her nurse came in after a few minutes, rubbed the pins and needles out of her feet when she tried to stand, drew on her stockings, slippers, underwear. In no time the long bronze braids that she had worn in bed were freshly combed and pinned in a crown around her head, and her brown and gold *peignoir* adjusted. She took a few faltering steps to the chair by the window, but was glad to rest among the comforting pillows the nurse had arranged in it.

"Bring Kennish here, please, nurse," she said when the room was once more in order. "I know it's not time for him till twelve—but *please* let me have him just this morning a little early. We're celebrating, you see," she added with an irresistible smile. "That's it—put him right down in the bend of my arm, so—let me just luxuriate for a little while in the thought that he is really mine."

Richie found them so when he came in, bearing the brown parcel with every lump of sewing wax intact.

Richard cut the twine with his pen-knife and, manlike, threw the paper and string on the floor. Margaret held her breath as he lifted the sheer white folds of lace and tucking and linen lawn. Would he understand

—would he see why she couldn't pass it that day, why she wanted it for her own, why she couldn't take it back or give it away? Would he think—

"What do you call it, Margaret, beloved?" he said. "Such a beautiful, delicate thing, just what I've always thought of your wearing. Why, dear heart, is it—is it—it's a baby's dress!"

Richie laid the little garment against his son, nestled in the bend of Margaret's arm. He fingered the material softly, reverently—as Margaret herself had done the day she bought it. Not all at once did it strike him as odd that he should have been sent to Edna Melton's for the dress. Slowly there came to his face the look of growing tenderness that had been there for all to see when he had led Margaret from the altar; that had been turned upon his wife when they first knew the baby was coming.

"I couldn't help buying it, Richie," was her answer to the gentleness of his eyes. "I never knew they made such lovely ones, and I wanted it for—ours. I couldn't seem to leave it in the store. And I didn't think about you at all until afterwards, and then I was horror-stricken. Whatever would you have thought? And I didn't know what to do with it, and couldn't bear to take it back, either. I was worried about the money, and even—you'll think me silly and superstitious—I was sometimes afraid that we might somehow be punished, that I would never live to see my precious baby, or that it would never live to wear the dress—or that perhaps we mightn't have any children. But when my boy was given to me well and strong, all I thought about was waiting till the doctor said we were both safe."

"You bought it *before* we were married? You—you—and all that time I was doubting and worrying for fear you would never love children! Oh, Margaret dearest, what a mother-heart you really had, always!"



WAR·TIME BABIES

How the War has Affected the Newly-born Child

By BEATRICE TILLY

HAVE our babies degenerated under war conditions? Is the newly-born child a puny, sickly weakling, bearing traces of nervous strain, worry and malnutrition of the mother, or a bonny little creature, full of life and vigour? Is Nature, with her marvellous power of adhering to the normal, repelling adverse influences?

What Statistics Show

Let us look first at statistics for 1915. The birth-rate during that year was 21·8 per 1,000 of the population of England and Wales, 1·8 per 1,000 below that of 1914, and lower than any year on record. Compared with the period 1905-14, the birth-rate of 1915 showed a decrease of 3·6 per 1,000, and there were only 814,527 infants born. When one considers that in 1915, for every 9 men of our Empire killed fighting every hour, 12 babies died every hour in the British Isles alone, not including antenatal deaths which doctors now estimate to be as numerous as those after birth, it is not surprising that a baby-saving crusade is felt to be imperative. To-day the mind of the non-combatant part of the nation can hardly occupy itself with matters more vital than arrest of infant mortality. This must mainly depend on the mothers, doctors, and nurses, the baby clinics, schools for mothers, maternity hospitals and nursing homes, but also on financial aid and organisation. We cannot, dare not, for the sake of the preservation of our British race, afford to let the war hurt infant and child life.

The rise in mortality has occurred not among the children of the middle and upper classes, but in the poorer homes of the community, where in 1915 an epidemic of measles raged, resulting in compulsory notification. Other causes were the Zeppelin

scare, mothers' anxiety for their husbands at the front, increase in drink among the women with high wages to spend, absence of the husband, and other conditions. The weather was favourable to infant life, so the injurious influences must be traced to other sources.

A Hopeful Aspect

But though bald figures give occasion for serious consideration, there is a hopeful aspect to the subject. Never have finer and healthier babies arrived to bless English families or been more carefully reared in homes of comfort. And it is being proved to the hilt that babies that have profited by the fostering care of maternity centres are finer children than their brothers and sisters. The idea of infant welfare centres has permeated to all parts of the land, even small villages now appealing for them.

Barring the adverse influences mentioned above, it is wonderful how normality is maintained. So far there has been little want of food, except in cases of extreme poverty; mothers young and ignorant of infant care have been guided and advised as never before; and most mothers have loved with extra devotion the little one whose father is absent, looking forward to the latter's brief days of leave for the opportunity of showing how well and flourishing the baby is. The average mother feels the double responsibility of rearing the little one, and right well she is doing it, often on a miniature income and beset by conditions adverse to the saving of infant life. The feeble mite needs all her time and attention; others must agitate and legislate, calculate birth statistics, ensure a pure milk supply and enough sugar.

The love of the mother for her war-time



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baby is wonderfully touching. I think of one, resourceless and in sore trouble over her sick baby, telling how she had sold her "things" to buy milk for him; and of another whose great concern, as she hugged the little one to her, was that whoever suffered lack it must not be the baby. This motherly devotion I have watched again and again in the lady doctor's consulting-room at a baby clinic. The doctor, herself a mother, visits four different centres, and from her wide experience spoke of the difficulties the poorer mothers have, with the father away, and of the temptation to grow lax and indifferent about the state of the home. "But," she said, "I *admire* these women. They are wonderful!"

Where the Shoe Pinches

The trouble came when the doctor started ordering food. One watched the face of the mother at the mention of extra milk, barley water, olive oil and squashed bananas, bovril, castor-oil, the outer third of a potato cooked in its jacket, and other appropriate food or medicine. Being self-respecting, the mother did not want charity, and there was the dread lest doctor should order something beyond the small purse.

"You'll get it, won't you? You can manage that?" one mother was asked.

"Yes, doctor; of course, if baby needs it, I *must*," was the reply.

And that is the spirit and the love with which the mothers meet every difficulty. One nursing mother was advised to have her teeth seen to at a local dental hospital, and mention of benefit that would result indirectly to the baby was quite enough to overcome her reluctance. Another—very poor, to judge by her own and the baby's clothes—was told, "I hear this of you, that you are a good mother," and I hardly think a recipient of the Victoria Cross could have been more delighted than this little woman at the word of praise from the revered doctor. From time to time the latter writes to one boy baby's father in the army to reassure him personally by a message such as, "I have seen your little son to-day, and you will be pleased to know how well he is."

Naturally, the care lavished on the baby depends on the kind of mother; some, with

more money, can dress and feed the war-time baby better than the children born in peace time; but the weak character succumbs to the temptation to slack or drink—she has no starting-point in the day getting her man off to work, or supper to make ready for his return. In her loneliness this weak one even breaks her marriage vow, with grievous consequences. There is one

disadvantage many war babies in poor families suffer. They are taken out in the evening by the mother, since there is no father to mind the kiddies when she goes out. One mother with many little ones brings all the rest along with her to fetch the small sister from the Cripples'

Parlour, fearing to leave them at home alone; the baby may, indeed, have been already bathed!

In another case, the war has indirectly benefited the baby; for the father is on night duty at munition works and so able to secure the child an airing in the morning. While the man sleeps in the afternoon the mother takes out the baby, who flourishes well in so much fresh air.

Watering the Children's Milk

The war-time baby of the poor home, awful to relate, is suffering from bad air through pressure in housing accommodation, from dilution of its staple food, cow's milk, and from scarcity of sugar. It is painful to hear one mother tell how she has to water the children's milk; a difference of a penny or twopence a quart means for many a baby nothing but a rickety condition and ill-nourished bones. "What we want," said one irate lady doctor, "is a municipal milk supply." Milk is the prime need of the baby—the child *must* have it—and of the invalid. They must be helped at all costs.

There is another trouble the war-time baby now has to encounter when born into poverty-stricken conditions, a disease known as Belgian itch, a skin eruption due to malnutrition. Doctors emphasise the importance of vaccinating the baby in due time before our armies return from the western and eastern fronts—a most sensible precaution.

One interesting effect of the war is that numbers of young mothers in a higher social



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position than those mentioned above are now resorting to baby clinics for advice. According to one doctor, these mothers are more ignorant and helpless than their heretofore poorer neighbours. But they are finding out where to fill the dangerous blank in their maternal education.

"Zepps" and Infants

In areas that have been touched by Zeppelins or bombardments, it would not be surprising to find infant life adversely affected; but it seems to have suffered comparatively little, and that mainly through the nervous, fearful mother, liable to be affected by any scare. One night, when bombs began to fall around a house, a nurse sat by a fire with a new-born babe in her lap.

She knew the mother could not be moved, and, trusting to Providence, gently laid the child beside its mother, and spread her own arms—frail shield—over both. Her act is typical of the service and sacrifice willingly offered for the war baby.



The child may arrive in the world perfect in wind and limb, but when the separation allowance or war pension is insufficient, and the mother has to go out to work, the child is affected, chiefly through failure of its natural food. This week I saw such a baby "put out to nurse," so delicate, but a wonder child—one of those very precious children with exceptionally clever brains, such as the nation should take special care to preserve and bring up along special lines. But what nation even distinguishes, much less guards and educates carefully, its infant geniuses?

The Army and the War Baby

The Army is realising the importance of the war baby. Again and again one hears of all possible consideration in the way of leave and retention this side the Channel being shown to the man about to welcome his first child. In one instance, a young officer, on receiving a telegram, was granted immediate leave and hurried home to London from the north of Ireland. The child he came to greet is now an exceptionally sturdy, forward boy, over a year old. Every care

has been lavished on him. His grandmother took him to a cottage in the country during the summer months, and his mother, who is a teacher, has seen to it that he should be reared on up-to-date hygienic principles. At birth he was thin and very bow-legged, but developed marvellously, and is a fine specimen of a wisely treated English war baby. London has long been famous for its suburban children with their rosy cheeks and quick intelligence. The darkening of the streets at night, if anything, makes their sleep more restful; so does the lessened traffic. From Golder's Green to Sydenham our war-time babies of London, whenever and wherever they are properly reared, are among the finest in the world. Anyone who walks about with both eyes on the baby carriages and their contents discovers what numbers of beautiful war babies there are. Yesterday I saw one, and being struck with the boy's appearance, asked his age. He was just as old as the war. Imagine, all his little life had been lived under the shadow of the struggle, and it had left no trace upon him. That is what we want in the case of every single precious baby—no wastage, no blindness to the importance, the imperative necessity, of saving each one.

A Babies' Flag Day?

We have had many flag days in England to benefit our wounded heroes and those of the Allies. It will be an innovation to have a babies' flag day. That is contemplated in one poor suburb, to secure funds for a children's day nursery, where the mothers go out to work. This is just one symptom of the increasing interest in infant welfare. Another is the founding by the Duchess of Marlborough, generous friend of London's poor babies, of a National Institute of Mothercraft, to co-ordinate baby-saving efforts all over the country. It is to include, amongst other features, an ante-natal clinic, an observation ward for sick babies, lecture-halls for infant welfare societies, a museum and exhibition of articles for the proper care of infants, a training school, and a reference and lending library of infant welfare literature, with possibly a research laboratory.



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It is pleasant to think this much-needed centre for disseminating mothercraft is due to an American woman. American mothers are among the foremost to help English ones. A few months ago someone put before the Duchess his plans for starting a day nursery. She replied that she would write to the States about the need for money. And promptly there came back a cheque for £100!

Such deeds of practical sympathy on the part of American women deserve to be widely known, for they would help the individual mother here struggling with her special difficulties to realise the mother-heart of American women beats as one with Britain's.

America can help financially, but it must rest with the middle-aged and elderly women of this country to preserve the babies. What can they do?

"Adopt" a Baby

Here is one suggestion. Let every woman with the time and means become a war-

time mother to a baby in her neighbourhood, interesting herself in its well-being and acting the part of friend to the mother. There are many kindnesses that can be offered "for baby's sake," to needy or lonely mothers in every social sphere. In numbers of childless homes little baby clothes are stored away in memory of a lost child. Now is the time to put them and unused baby carriages to use. The British mother should withhold nothing so long as any baby in the land needs it.

How You Can Help

Anyone inclined to follow up this idea should write to Miss Halford, 4 Tavistock Square, London, W.C., who will direct her where aid is needed. More and more the mothers will want help as the war brings about harder conditions. They will need all their fortitude, all their faith and wisdom. Then let those who are able to do so aid them in every way possible, that the Empire's sacrifices may not be in vain.



The Happy Family.

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"Yes, the baby was asleep. . . . but Thomas could distinguish the little pink, wrinkled face"—p. 403.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw.

WHEN THE SUN BROKE THROUGH

The Story of a Motherless Child

By E. M. TEBBUTT

CHAPTER I

"Fifth week, meals every two hours from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. Two meals between 10 P.M. and 7 A.M. Quantity to give, 2½ ounces."

THOMAS MILLIGAN had read that passage at least twenty times, and he felt he knew it perfectly. He put down "A Hundred Hints for Mothers," and turned his attention to the feeding-bottle. It was one with a big rubber teat, of course—Thomas had gathered from the book that those with tubes meant certain death to any hapless child who was unlucky enough to be supplied with one. The bottle had been scalded, and now he put it into a

large dish of cold water to wait until it was needed. Then he spread the little baby garments out in front of the fire to "air"—plain little garments they were, too, without any trimming or unnecessary stitchery in them. But Thomas was too worried to-day to think of that.

Plain, however, as the little garments were, they were quite on a level with the surroundings. There was nothing pretty in the room in which Thomas was standing. It was one typical of cheap lodgings in an unfashionable quarter of London, with its dingy walls and curtains; its ceiling grey of tone, save where an incandescent burner

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had made it quite black; its shabby horse-hair furniture, from which tufts of stuffing protruded; its pink "lustres" on the mantelpiece, both more or less cracked and minus several pendants. The bedroom, of which a portion could be seen through a half-open door leading out of the sitting-room, looked equally uninviting. But years spent in such surroundings had made Thomas so familiar with them that he never noticed their dreariness. He had once dreamed of a little cottage in the suburbs—

Thomas looked at his watch nervously; in a few minutes the nurse would be here with "it." The wrinkles on his forehead became deeper, and a hopeless look came into his eyes.

The casual observer would have seen in Thomas Milligan only a nervous little man with iron-grey hair, a wrinkled forehead, and large timid eyes, a man who would never rise above mediocrity in thought or word or deed. But the student of human nature would have noted the firm, square chin which spoke of the deep underlying Scotch determination, amounting almost to stubbornness; the nervous, well-shaped hands; and the dark eyes, almost pathetic-looking for a man, which revealed rather than hid a latent psychic force, a force which was dormant now, but which, given the right conditions, might mean a gigantic upheaval in the man's whole character.

So far, the right conditions had never come. Somehow all the great things of life seemed to have passed Thomas Milligan by. No great love, with its transforming power, no great sorrow even, had ever come to him. Emotionally, his childhood had been a period of starvation. His aunt, a dour, hard Scotswoman, who had brought him up, had fed him, clothed him, laid down his religious principles for him; but if she ever had felt a spark of tenderness for him, in accordance with her views she had kept it strictly hidden; and when he left his native village, at the age of 18, to enter the office of a London publisher for the princely salary of £1 a week, there was no memory of love upon which he could dwell when the loneliness of his new surroundings oppressed him, no comfort in his religion, for that was the embodiment of his aunt's teaching, a stern moral code, with an overbearing sense of duty, and a dim perception of God as a God of justice, a God ever ready to reprove and condemn.

For nearly twenty years his life had moved on uneventfully. He had never risen to anything higher than clerk in the firm he had joined on coming to London, and a part of his very meagre salary had to be sent home to keep an invalid sister, so that marriage was an impossibility until the proudest day of his life came—the day when the senior member of the firm had sent for him, and told him that the firm appreciated so much the way in which he had always done his duty that they were going to raise his salary from £2 to £3 a week! Thomas never forgot that day. "His duty." It was the highest compliment that could have been paid him.

Ever since Thomas was a boy there had been a tacit understanding that he was to marry Martha McNaughton when he was "in a position," and when this unexpected rise had come Thomas had gone home to his native village in the summer, and had come back with Martha as his wife. If Thomas had looked forward to the home they would furnish together, to his wife's companionship, his hopes were very soon quelled. Martha, in the years of waiting, had grown hard of soul as well as of feature, and she had been utterly unable to adapt herself to life in London lodgings. They did not quarrel—it takes two to do that—but when Thomas came home, instead of a welcome there was a never-ending stream of grumbling to be faced. Her discontent was perhaps partly due to her ill-health, for her constitution had been undermined by years of hard work, and almost as soon as she reached London her health began to give way, and when only six weeks previously she had been persuaded by the doctor to go into a hospital, it had been a relief from strain for Thomas. Not that he ever thought of that, his sense of duty was too great—he had taken Martha "for better for worse"—but, unconscious though it was, it had seemed like a load lifted from his life. The starved soul of the man had been chilled still further by his brief experience of married life, and on that awful day, five weeks ago, when he had been sent for in haste to the hospital and had arrived too late, and Martha was dead, the final freezing seemed to have taken place. He was utterly stunned, and not even the tiny pink bundle which the nurse had brought gently to him had been able to bring one

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gleam of comfort to the crushed, hopeless man.

And to-day the pink bundle was coming home, as they would not keep it any longer at the hospital. The slight digestive trouble which had made them keep it so long was better now; it was the ward sister's day off duty, and she had offered to bring it. Poor Thomas! The thought of the child's being brought there and left in his charge filled him with despair. "A Hundred Hints for Mothers"—of which Thomas was sure that there were at least a thousand—had alarmed him beyond measure, and although the landlady was kind and would give an eye to the baby, the child was really in his charge. At Christmas, when he had a few days' holiday, he would take it up to Scotland, to a cousin with several children of her own; but the intervening weeks were to be passed somehow.

Footsteps on the stairs! Thomas started to his feet and rubbed his hands nervously together. "It" was coming! He could hear the landlady's voice raised in ecstatic tones: "The little beauty," "Poor little darling, then," and the quiet, even tones of the nurse, though he could not distinguish her words. Nearer and nearer came the voices, and a cold shiver passed over Thomas, and his heart sank. He clenched his hands as the door opened and the landlady announced, "Nurse, Mr. Milligan." The next minute the nurse had entered, and the pink bundle had actually come home.



About 10.30 that night Thomas stole into the bedroom on tiptoe to see if the baby were sleeping soundly. The nurse had undressed him and put him into the plain little wooden cradle which Martha had bought secondhand, and at eight o'clock and ten o'clock, when he was to be fed, the landlady had come up to give him his bottle. She, good soul, had offered to take him for the night, and Thomas had nearly thankfully consented, when his sense of duty had stepped in; the landlady went to bed late and had to be up early: it was not right that she should be disturbed through the night; it was *his* bairn, he must take charge of him. So he thanked her and refused, and she, mistaking the reason which prompted his refusal, pressed him no further. "He wants the little one him-

self," she thought, while that was really the last thing in the world which Thomas did want.

Yes, the baby was asleep. The light was turned rather low, but Thomas could distinguish the little pink, wrinkled face; the crop of hair, soft as down, lying dark against the pillow, and one hand thrust out from beneath the blanket. What a very plain baby he was, to be sure, thought Thomas; but the landlady had called him "a little beauty," and the nurse had said he was a fine child, so he must be all right, he supposed. Thomas had never been permitted to see the beauty of life; but the appreciation for beauty was there all the same, and it is possible, if the baby had looked less plain, that if it had been dressed in the pretty garments of a rich child, it might have attracted the man to it; but as it was, it was only part of the colourless life which was all Thomas knew. What he had expected he did not know, but he turned away with a sigh and began to prepare for the night.

He carried the little deal table round to the side of the bed; put the milk and sugar, a bottle of boiled water, the feeding-bottle, and a box of matches on it—and "A Hundred Hints for Mothers"; and then he took the alarm-clock away into the sitting-room to wind it up.

"A Hundred Hints for Mothers" said that a baby five weeks old required feeding twice between 10 P.M. and 7 A.M.; evidently at 1 A.M. and 4 A.M. Thomas set the alarm for 12.50 so that he would have time to prepare the food for 1 o'clock, left it in the sitting-room so that when it "went off" it should not frighten the baby unduly, and then tiptoed back into the bedroom, and made ready to go to bed.

CHAPTER II

ONLY a week had passed since the baby came home. The keen observer, however, would have seen a change in Thomas. His step was a little firmer; he set about his work with an added energy, and the dull, hopeless look was beginning to go out of his eyes. The frozen soul had not thawed yet, but a tiny ray of sunlight had reached its surface.

That week had meant a great deal to Thomas, though he did not know it. For

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the first few days the baby had seemed nothing but a burden; on the third day Thomas had discovered that though its face was hopelessly wrinkled, and very pink indeed, it had very fine blue eyes; and the next day he noticed, as the baby fingers closed round one of his, that his hands were pretty; in fact, Thomas felt sure that if only the baby were nicely dressed he would not be plain at all, and he wondered if it would be very extravagant if he bought him a white dress or two. So far, however, he had been unable to settle that point.

To-night, as he sat by the fire, he looked distinctly worried. The baby was six weeks old, and "A Hundred Hints for Mothers" said that then a baby must only have one meal between 10 P.M. and 7 A.M., and he wondered if the baby would adapt himself to the change without trouble. He set the alarm for 2.30 and went to bed.

Thomas awoke about one o'clock from force of habit. He lay very still, and a feeling of contentment stole over him and warmed his heart. Since that little cradle came life had not seemed the drear, empty thing it used to be whenever he had happened to lie awake in the long night hours; no past, no present of any value, nothing to look forward to. But now—Thomas began to dream dreams. The things he would buy him when he was older, the little treats he would give him on Saturdays when he had half-day holiday, and to-morrow he would get him a new dress—a pretty one this time, though deep down in his heart he felt a little guilty about such an extravagance—and—

Thomas's dreams were cut short. It was nearly two o'clock, almost an hour past the baby's old feeding time, and as that little person took no interest in the rules in "A Hundred Hints for Mothers," and only knew that he felt hungry, he began to cry lustily.

Thomas sat up in bed quickly, and stretched out his hand to find the matches. Then suddenly a groan of despair crossed his lips, and he drew back his hand. Like a spectre the hard, stern teaching of his aunt rose in the back of his mind and laid cold hands on the warm thing that was springing up. Though his aunt had slept for many a year in the little kirkyard of her native village, her influence remained almost undiminished. What happened to a baby

that was picked up as soon as it cried? What kind of men and women did spoil children make? Was it good for a person, grown-up or child, to have every wish gratified?

"If the baby's feeding time is 2.30, then it is your *duty*, Thomas, to let him wait till then." He could hear the stern voice, and see the tall gaunt figure and the hard old face, just as it had been in the days of his childhood.

Thomas lay down again and buried his face in the pillow. For nearly half an hour he writhed in the most acute mental torture—pain which is so much harder to bear than any amount of physical suffering. He was torn in two different directions; on the one side his love for the child urged him to supply the little creature's wants at once; on the other, his whole experience of life demanded that the child must bear the necessary discipline. And the latter conquered. For years all questions had been settled before the stern tribunal of duty, and for Thomas there was no higher court of appeal, no love of a Father who would understand, only a far-off God of justice who deigned to interfere in the affairs of men when He wished to punish them.

The suspense came to an end at last. The alarm sounded, and Thomas sprang out of bed and warmed up the milk; then he picked up the baby very gently and gave it to him. The old hopeless look had come back into his eyes as he watched him, and all his bright dreams for the future had vanished. As he raised the bottle a little higher, he bent his head until his face nearly touched the child's face as it lay pillowed against his arm.

"Aye, lad," he said wistfully, "I was that fond of you I might have spoiled you. I must bring you up to do what's right."

CHAPTER III

THOMAS had hurried home from the office. It had been Thomas's invariable custom to walk home, and after Martha's advent that walk seemed to take longer than usual; but since the baby came Thomas had discovered that the 1½d. bus fare was money well spent, as he reached home quite half an hour earlier. To-night, as he inserted his latchkey into the lock, he



' She gazed tenderly
at the little face "—p. 408.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Gurnham.

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looked quite brisk for Thomas. The heavy cloud that had gathered during the previous night had remained throughout the day; but now, at the thought of the little pink bundle awaiting him, the dark prospects of the future were forgotten, and the cloud had somehow dispersed.

As Thomas closed the front door the landlady ran up from the kitchen, her face glowing with suppressed excitement.

"There's a lady upstairs waiting to see you, Mr. Milligan."

"A lady waiting to see *me*! And who might she be?"

"I don't know." She lowered her voice. "She came about half an hour ago in a motor—a lovely grey one with a chauffeur. She asked if Mr. Milligan was in, and I said you weren't. Then she said, would you be long? And when I said about half an hour she said she would wait, and she asked if she might nurse the baby until you came. So there!"

"You're sure she wanted *me*?" said Thomas stupidly.

"Sure she wanted you?" The landlady's voice was tinged with contempt. "Sure she wanted you? Why, of course she did, man, or would she have asked for Mr. Milligan?" She hurried down again, and Thomas nervously made his way up to his room.

He opened the door quietly, and got a glimpse of the mysterious lady before she saw him.

She was slim and looked young, and, though she was very plainly dressed, the coat and skirt of black cloth and the small black hat which she was wearing appeared to Thomas different from any black costume or hat he had ever seen, and one of her grey fur-lined gloves lying on the floor by her chair reminded him of gloves he had once seen in a shop window at a *guinea a pair*! She had the baby in her arms, and against her black coat the flaming pink of the little dress looked loud and ugly.

As he pushed open the door she saw him, and rose from the easy chair in which she was sitting. Thomas advanced awkwardly into the room, gripping his hat in both hands, while she came forward supporting the baby on her left arm. She held out her hand to him.

"It is Mr. Milligan, is it not?" she asked in a low, clear voice.

"Er, yes," said Thomas, as he shook hands timidly.

"I am Mrs. Maxwell; my husband attended your wife in the hospital." Then her voice became very gentle. "I saw her once or twice, too, and I was very sorry when she died."

If Martha's memory had been to Thomas one of love and tenderness, and therefore something pleasant to look back upon instead of a grey shadow in the mists of his life, then the sympathy held out to him would have touched him. As it was, it glanced on the frozen surface of his soul and went off again without making any impression.

"Thank you," he said dully.

She sat down again, and Thomas stood awkwardly at the other side of the fireplace without speaking. After a minute the doctor's wife spoke again.

"I came to see you about baby." She gazed tenderly at the little face looking up to hers. "Nurse told me you intended to send him to relations who would bring him up."

"That—that was my intention," Thomas said evasively. His repressed nature shrank from speaking to a stranger of his love for the child.

"Yes; so I thought perhaps you would let me adopt him instead."

"You adopt him?" Thomas was startled out of his usual politeness. "Why should you adopt him?" he said, almost fiercely.

The doctor's wife looked up, surprised; but she could gather nothing from the wrinkled, worn face of the man opposite to her. "Why should I adopt him? Because I want him." Then her face grew softer. "My own little boy died, and I have missed him so terribly. I often saw your baby at the hospital, and I grew fond of him, and I thought that if you were going to send him away you would not mind my taking him instead."

"I cannot let you have him." There was defiance in the answer, though his face worked nervously.

"You cannot? Why?" Her voice had grown angry, and her fighting spirit was roused. "Why can't you let me have him?" she demanded.

She raised her head, and though her face was white her eyes shone. Thomas drew himself up and clenched his hands. The centuries had slipped back; the polite little

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clerk and the gentle, refined lady had vanished, and two beings in the grip of primitive forces had taken their place—the man, fighting to defend his own possessions; the woman, swayed by the violence of unsatisfied maternal craving.

Poor Thomas tried to break through that barrier of reserve and tell her that he meant to keep the child himself, but before the words would come the opportunity had gone for ever. With a woman's unerring instinct for finding the weak spot in a man's defence she struck at the one vulnerable place.

"You say you cannot let me have him; think of what I can give him. Have you the right to refuse?"

She drew the baby closer to her, and she did not see the look of anguish that passed over Thomas's face as he steadied himself for support.

"Had he the right to refuse?" She could give the child money, position, every advantage; he, what could he give him? No; he knew he had not the right to refuse. No thought of his own love for the baby, of his own rights as a father, crossed his mind. The case had come before the judgment of his arbitrary moral code, and his stern sense of duty had judged it and had given the verdict against him.

An unutterable bitterness filled his soul. The fierce joy of those who have sacrificed all for love of Him who gave Himself for them was unknown to Thomas; even the lesser happiness of self-sacrifice for the sake of one who is loved, which takes away the gall from the cup of suffering, was not his. He did not consciously give up the child because he loved him enough to choose what was best for him; he must let him go because a plain, unanswerable sense of duty demanded it.

There was a long silence. At last Thomas broke it.

"You—you can have him," he said in a strangled voice.

CHAPTER IV

THOMAS stamped his feet on the mat, shook his coat, and hung it and his hat up to dry in the hall. It was snowing heavily, and as he had walked home from the office he felt wet and chilled. Since the baby went, three days ago, he had

given up bus rides and walked home as he used to do in the old days before Martha came. Only then he used to hurry home for his tea and a quiet evening by the fire; now he walked more slowly, for the emptiness of the room, which then he never noticed, oppressed him.

As he slowly mounted the stairs the landlady ran up from the kitchen.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Milligan? I'll send up your tea when you are ready."

"Thank you," said Thomas languidly. He was too tired to notice that it was a strange thing for her to come up to speak to him, and that she seemed rather excited. He went on, opened the door of the sitting-room, and walked in. As he did so, the doctor's wife rose from the chair by the fire and came a step forward.

"Good evening," Thomas managed to say when he had recovered a little from his surprise at seeing her. Then through the half-open door of the bedroom he caught a glimpse of a flat leather trunk and a swing cot trimmed with ribbons and lace.

"What—what does it mean?" he asked quickly, and a hope that he dare not put into words sprang up in his heart. "What does it mean?" he added, almost fiercely.

The doctor's wife stood opposite to him, calm and still.

"I have brought baby back," she said, in a low voice. "Yes," as she watched his face, "for always."

The sudden joy was more than Thomas could bear; he sat down heavily in a chair and could not speak for some time.

"Didn't you want him?" he said at last; then, as he looked at her, his voice became quite gentle.

"If you wanted him so much, why didn't you keep him?" he asked.

"It was because I loved him that I brought him back."

"Because you loved him that you brought him back?" Thomas repeated, in a puzzled voice. "Because you loved him?" It was something utterly beyond his comprehension. If she had said she thought it was her duty he could have understood it, but because she loved him—

"Yes," she went on, without heeding his interruption; "I never thought I could have grown to love any baby as much as I loved him. He had such sweet little ways, and he would fold his hands together

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and watch me when I came into the room just like my own baby did"—her voice broke a little—"and then, when I loved him so much, I knew what he must have meant to you, and I knew I had no right to have taken him, so I have brought him back."

"You brought him back because you loved him," Thomas repeated again. Then a ray of sunlight pierced through the mists to his frozen soul. Something which all his life had eluded him seemed to draw near, though he could not yet grasp it. Some fundamental truth which had so far lain in the vast unexplored region at the back of his mind had been partly drawn into the domain of consciousness, and the dormant psychic force was coming into play at last.

"Love seems to be a grand thing," he said at last in a dazed way. The pathos of the remark touched her.

"It is the greatest thing in the world," she said gently; "it is the one thing which makes life worth living." The eager face turned to her spoke of the starved soul—a soul which, hungering for the true bread, had only received the stone of discipline.

"God is Love, God is Love," she murmured gently, after a while. The words burned themselves into the man's soul. There was a long silence. Thomas sat with his face buried in his hands, a prey to the most violent emotion he had ever felt. The sunlight, with all its warmth and radiance and life-giving power, had reached the frozen soul; but the thawing process was painful. The doctor's wife opposite never moved; she knew that he was feeling something more than even the joy of having the child again.

At last he raised his head, and when she spoke her voice was hushed and almost reverent.

She stood up and buttoned her coat.

"I must go," she said; "my husband will be home, and he does not like to be left alone. I have arranged with your landlady about baby's clothes; my maid will call for them on Monday each week, and they can go to the laundry with ours."

Thomas glanced through the open door at the cot and trunk, and his Scotch independence rose up in arms.

"I cannot let you give him them; it isn't proper," he said decidedly.

She came forward a step or two,

"Mr. Milligan." She spoke gently, but firmly. "I loved him enough to bring him back to you. Don't you love him enough to let me do some little thing for him?"

After a moment's silence the answer came. "Yes, and thank you very, very much; I can never——"

"I must go," she said hurriedly. For a moment she hesitated as if she would take one last look at the sleeping child; then, without glancing in the direction of the bedroom, she held out her hand to Thomas. Neither spoke, for over the heart of the woman the shadow of her empty home had already fallen, and a deep joy, too great for words, kept the man silent. Then she slipped quietly out of the room.



After Thomas had undressed the baby and put him into his cot, and had carefully folded the little garments of lawn and lace and finest flannel, and put them away, he went back into the sitting-room and sat by the fire and, lost in thought, gazed into its glowing depths.

"That the All-Great were the All-Loving too!" the Arab Physician had cried when that thought with all its glorious meaning had sprung up in his mind. "Oh, that the All-Just were the All-Loving too," had been the inarticulate cry of Thomas's soul that afternoon. And now, as he pondered the revelation of the afternoon he knew that that longing was a fact indeed.

The dark clouds of blind, unreasoning obedience had been dispersed, never more to gather, and his soul reflected as a mirror the sunlight of eternal love which flooded it.



Thomas was disturbed from his reflections soon after 9.30, for the baby awoke. "A Hundred Hints for Mothers" said he was to be fed every two-and-a-half hours, and as he had had his last meal at 7.30 it clearly was not time for another yet.

The minute the baby cried Thomas jumped up and poured the milk from a covered jug into an enamel pan and set it on the hob to get warm. Then he went into the bedroom, and without a moment's hesitation he lifted the child gently out of the cot and carried him into the sitting-room.

And no stern echo of his aunt's voice reproved him.

BABIES AND THE BIRTH-RATE

A Frank Discussion of the Problem

By AN ORDINARY WOMAN

Here is another article on the same subject as "War-Time Babies"—but from a different point of view. What do my readers think on the matter? I shall be pleased to send a cheque for a Guinea for the best letter of criticism sent.

THE ordinary woman—and in these days by the term "ordinary woman" one implies a person of quite respectable intelligence—can only read the greater number of articles in the general Press on the lack of babies, the need for babies, and the saving of babies with a growing irritation tempered by a good deal of amusement.

They show such a lack of common sense.

To begin with, most of them, at least those dealing with the "empty cradles of Britain" problem, set up a hypothesis that is quite impossible—namely, that the average married woman only requires a little tuition in the needs of her country, and she will immediately set to work to bring into the world as large a number of children as she reasonably or unreasonably can.

Whereas the truth remains, and always will remain, that no woman yet ever had a baby out of motives of pure patriotism.

And in the old days, when large families were much more common, such a motive would be far less even a moving factor than now, when most women do think and take a certain interest in their country's weal.

A Matter for Average People

To try, however, to come to some conclusions as to the problem generally, one must attack it methodically, if not with any attempt at deep or erudite knowledge. The specialist is all very well in his way—to the real student his services are invaluable—but it is the average man and woman who are responsible for the children of the next generation, and the average man or woman does not care for deep reading. Also it is, without doubt, often difficult for the ordinary mind to follow that of the scientist, who, although possessing a vast and specialised knowledge of his subject, frequently seems to show a surprising ignorance of human nature.

And it is with human nature we have to deal.

In England, for a good many years, the birth-rate has been steadily decreasing. This is a fact from which it is impossible to get away, but as a great deal of fantastic nonsense has been written round the subject, it is as well to state briefly, without going into any deep biological or economic arguments, the principal causes of this decrease.

The Cause of the Lack of Babies

(1) *As civilisation advances, the natural instinct for motherhood decreases.*

This is a truth that no one who has the least knowledge of the subject will attempt to deny. But what is not so easily accepted is that it is impossible to get away from the advance of civilisation. And nothing, not all the instruction or reasoning in the world, will ever in its actuating impulse take the place of natural instinct. Therefore it must be faced that the woman of to-day and—unless the present crisis in the world's affairs should result in any permanent setting back of civilisation—the woman of to-morrow will never consent to bring into existence more than a limited number of children, more than she feels her health, her husband's purse, and her whole hopes of a reasonably happy and sane life, can stand.

Which brings us to another point.

(2) *The cost of motherhood is in these days far greater.*

The bringing of a child into the world was never the pleasant holiday pastime that one is sometimes led to believe. It was always an ordeal taxing to the utmost a woman's powers of endurance. But here again the advance of civilisation and the consequent intensifying of the nervous system has made it a far greater strain on

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the constitution. The death-rate in child-birth is certainly steadily decreasing, and also in these days the mother is given far more help and consideration than was formerly the case; but in this last respect, from the point of view of those who wish to improve the race in quality as well as quantity, there is still much to be desired. It is a point that usually seems to be forgotten by the advocates of large families, that the easier the actual birth of the child is made for the mother the more quickly will she afterwards recover her strength, and the more willing she will be to go through with the ordeal again. It is an old saying that if men had to bear children no family would ever consist of more than one. That is as may be, but I do hold that if mankind had been ordained to do an equal share in the pains and perils of bringing children into the world, some more effectual means of palliating the ordeal would have been perfected long ago. But the dictum, so ably expressed by an ostensibly kind-hearted and humane clergyman the other day, that women were meant to suffer the utmost agony in travail as a vengeance on them for the sin of Eve, has in a milder and more easy-going manner been too widely accepted. Therefore, instead of weeping sentimental tears over the empty cradles of our country, let us see to it that every effort is made to aid the health and comfort of the mother before, at the time, and after the birth of her child.

Small Families

(3) *The present social and economic conditions conduce to small families.*

Under this heading several points may be considered. To begin with a lesser one, the raising of the ordinary marriage age must, on the whole, ordain that families be smaller. No law can be given for this, but working on the rule of average it stands to reason that the woman who marries, when she is well on the road to thirty, a man of, say, thirty-five, is less likely to have a large family than she who is married at twenty to a husband a few years her senior. The war, however, has for the time being revived earlier marriages.

Then there is the increased cost of living and the ever-growing struggle for a reasonable income, which, quite apart from the present conditions endangered by the war,

has for years been threatening our social life. One reads many learned treatises explaining the whys and wherefores of it, but these do not help the ordinary man in the street who has to live his life and make the best of it in the period into which he is born. And leaving out of the question the "idle rich"—with whom, not being possessed of the imaginative pen of some of our more sensational writers, I shall not attempt to deal—and on the other hand the extreme poor, to speak of whom one requires expert knowledge, the more thrifty and far-seeing people of the middle and upper working classes do not desire to have families larger than they can comfortably support.

And this is, after all, not wholly illogical

Modern Responsibilities

The professional man will limit his family because he wishes his children to have a fit education and start in life—not that he himself shall enjoy added luxuries. The clerk on a hundred and fifty a year knows that if he has a large family, existence on any scale beyond that of a hand to hand race with poverty is impossible for him; and, being a humane man, he does not wish to condemn his wife to a career of hopeless drudgery. (In this connection the twentieth-century lack of cheap and efficient domestic help must not be forgotten.) The superior working man is perfectly aware that if he has too many "encumbrances" he will not only find it difficult to obtain a suitable dwelling-house, but that his successful progress in more than one occupation is barred. In all three instances the result is the same. And this desire for an existence that is life, not a mere passing of the years in a daily and cheerless drudgery, is not an altogether unworthy aspiration. No thinking person can hold that we were put into the world to be entirely miserable. A hopeless and unending struggle to make both ends meet is neither ennobling nor improving to the next generation. And it is ridiculous to tell a man who is already overburdened with a small family that he should have a large one. Our economic and social conditions may be all wrong, but the ordinary man or woman is powerless to alter them, and can only make the best of life as it is.

(4) *The responsibilities of motherhood are now far more realised.*

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The modern educated woman realises, as her predecessors never did, that the care of a child does not only consist in seeing that it is sufficiently fed and clothed during the first few years of its life—she thinks far more of the real and lasting responsibilities of motherhood. "I didn't ask to be born" is perhaps the most tragic of reproaches, and yet in the early Victorian days of large families, about which nowadays so much sentimental nonsense is written, the children being once born into the world, very little attention seems to have been paid to them afterwards. One has only to read the novels of the period to observe that they were left almost entirely to the care of ignorant servants. It is a curious and to us almost incredible fact, that little more than a hundred years ago, in the time of Jane Austen, it was the custom to place the babies out of better-class families under the care of some foster-mother, usually a woman in the neighbouring village, for the first two years of their lives. No doubt they were brought up quite sensibly by these means, but what modern mother would consent to part with her child for these the most critical years of its life?

Two Years for Every Child

I was talking the other day to a clever woman I know, a woman with three children of her own, to whose upbringing she gives incessant and far-seeing care.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose in these days one has to reckon on giving up two years of one's life to every child, entirely and without grudging it. You see, the average woman of to-day, if she wants to bring a healthy child into the world, has got to see to it that she leads a rational, restful life for the time that goes before. She is much longer recovering her normal health and strength than in the old days, and if she means to nurse her baby herself—and what woman with a conscience would not?—she usually has to exercise the greatest care and self-sacrifice during that period. It's worth it, of course; but still one thinks twice before one starts the job all over again. And it's not entirely selfishness," she added.

Her words are, perhaps, anyhow from the mother's point of view, the crux of the whole situation—the final and for the time being unalterable reason why, in the thinking and reasoning classes, large families are almost a thing of the past. And so long as present ideas, ideas backed by the general advance in ordinary medical knowledge, prevail, the change will be permanent.



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This to the ordinary intelligence is the most perplexing problem of all. On the one hand we are told—usually, it must be owned, by the rich and childless—that it is the patent duty of every Englishwoman at the present time to bring into the world as many children as possible.

On the other, our streets are placarded with notices telling us to save (most of us are obliged to without any outside persuasion); food and the cost of living generally are incredibly more costly; while, to put the matter in a nutshell, most people of moderate means are finding it quite a difficult problem to keep things going at all.

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The two propositions do not tally.

That England will need strong and lusty children to replace the terrible wastage of war is an undoubted truth, but the mere bringing of indiscriminate numbers into the world does not necessarily mean a strong and lusty race. Given unfavourable circumstances, quite the reverse.

Babies are needed; babies are always needed. A childless home is an unnatural thing; even the only child is to be deplored unless, perhaps, under very exceptional circumstances.

What we do not Want

But babies in herds and droves, brought into the world quite regardless of such factors as the means of the parents, the physical strength of the mother, and the length of time between the birth of each succeeding member of the family, cannot to the ordinary thinker appear to be for even the ultimate good of the race. And, personally, referring to a case recently published in the newspapers, why a man who had fifteen children should be publicly praised by the local Tribunal, passes my understanding. I have often wondered since if any of the good gentlemen on the bench took the trouble afterwards to inquire into such particulars as the upbringing and health of the said fifteen, and as to whether they could be truthfully considered an asset to the race. They might have been considerably less effusive in their congratulations if they had.

So far as the scientists and historians are concerned, I suppose we may call the camps about equally divided. All are agreed that race suicide is a national calamity; but while some believe, and point their belief with facts and statistics, that the race that increases the most rapidly will be the healthiest and most prosperous, others hold that a nation that multiplies too rapidly for a certain number of years will quickly become degenerate. It is difficult for the ordinary mind often to follow even their train of reasoning; at the best it seldom seems to have any bearing on the everyday problems of existence. And one can never feel quite convinced which doctrine is really the correct one. But what we can see, and see very plainly, is that as things are at present it is the uncontrolled families of the lower orders that make it impossible for prudent people of the middle class to

have more than one or two children. It is the natural law of cause and effect, and so long as our present scheme of taxation remains the same, this state of affairs cannot be altered.

The Saving of Babies

This is the most encouraging and, at the same time, the most disheartening part of the whole question—encouraging, in that to the practical mind there seems to be so much straightforward work to be done in the cause of lowering infant mortality; disheartening, on account of the rocks of ignorance, superstition, and callousness against which the willing worker has to battle.

Every sane person is agreed that nothing can be done that is too much, to save and strengthen those little lives born into our midst each year. It is not a question in which there can be two opinions; it is a work that anyone of average intelligence can help in the doing, and the results give more satisfaction than in any other branch of social effort. Only the other day an eminent doctor told us that, given proper care, there is no reason whatsoever why any baby born of healthy parents should die; and even those who come into the world handicapped by some hereditary weakness may, in nine cases out of ten, be saved and turned into healthy men and women.

Against this pronouncement, put the statistics relating to infant mortality. Even outside the ranks of the extreme poor—whose children have from birth upwards so many foes to fight against that one wonders any of them manage to survive at all—why is it that so large a percentage of babies should die within their first year?

The answer is: Ignorance, ignorance, and ignorance again.

Many girls of otherwise good education marry without the very vaguest idea of the duties of motherhood and care of young children. In the working classes this ignorance is augmented by a vast amount of superstition. Doctors will tell you that again and again are their dictums set at naught on account of some "old wives' tale," the child suffering accordingly. And even when the young mother is intelligent, and anxious to learn, the trials and tribulations she goes through in the process can-

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not be good either for herself or the unfortunate first baby with whom she has to buy her experience.

To remedy this state of affairs much can be done. Among the extreme poor splendid work has already been achieved; but putting the lowest stratum of society aside, there is a vast field for effort in other ranks of life.

To begin with, in the home encourage in girls, and boys too, a love of children. Let them be taught to regard a baby as a wonderful and interesting thing, and the impending arrival of another little life into the world as a natural event—not a forbidden subject only to be discussed in whispers. The absurd and senseless reticence on the subject of babies and the mode of their arrival on this earth, that was so marked a feature of the last generation, is luckily dying out, for it was responsible for much of the ignorance of to-day. One does not want to crowd the heads of children with unnecessary knowledge, but as they grow into men and women it is far better to let them learn the facts of life as simple everyday things, not strange, almost sinful, mysteries.

But it is outside the home that measures should be more sweeping; and the following suggestions, although perhaps at present impossible of entire fulfilment, do not seem to the practical mind to be hopelessly Utopian in their conception.

(1) Let there be in every school, in every town, classes giving instruction in the art of mothercraft, comprising the essentials for the rearing of healthy children; briefly, the necessity for fresh air, sleep, cleanliness, and, above all, proper food. To these for older girls might be added some instruction as to the care of the mother before and after the birth of the child, and a short homily as to the absolute duty of every mother, if in any way able, to nurse her baby herself.

(2) Let the Government see to it that cheap and pure milk is to be obtained by all. This is a matter of vital importance to the future welfare of the nation, and far more worthy of the aid of the State than many objects on which every year vast sums are squandered.

(3) Let the profession of "Nursery Nurse" be raised in the social standard. At present, with the exception of one or two institutions whose students are turned out such highly scientific and equally expensive individuals

that they are quite beyond the means of the middle class, there are very few colleges which, for a reasonable fee, train educated girls in the care of babies and young children. It is usually impossible for the ordinary middle-class mother to take entire charge of her children herself; and as things are at present, she is obliged either to keep a nurse whose salary and requirements are really beyond her purse, or to rely on a mere ignorant nursemaid. And the typical nursemaid is an abomination.

(4) Let the regulations regarding infectious diseases be made much more stringent. The carelessness and indifference displayed by people of good education in this respect is simply astounding. The poor are forced to comply with certain regulations, but in the better classes far too much is left to individual care and honesty. And it should be brought home to the public by every means in the power of the Government and medical profession that infectious ailments do not only mean measles, mumps, and their kin, but include, although perhaps in a different way, tuberculosis, etc.

There are, needless to say, numberless other means by which the standard of the nation might be raised, and the terrible percentage of infant mortality decreased. Among the poor, housing and social reforms are urgently needed; but as regards the great bulk of the nation the introduction of practical ideas and common-sense methods would work wonders, more, perhaps, than all the learned treatises ever written.

Race suicide is a national calamity, but no race will ever become extinct until it is totally degenerate—played out. Here in England we are faced with a far more present calamity than any fear of the future extinction of our race. The yearly, daily, even hourly waste of infant life, that waste being almost entirely preventable, is indeed a national calamity; or, to put it more plainly, a national disgrace. Let us see to it that the children we now have shall have a better chance in life than had their parents, and within a few years the danger of race suicide will be a thing of the past.

If it were possible that every baby born in England could be reasonably cared for during the first years of its life, we should within a few decades have a new world, a happier and healthier world than we of this generation shall ever know.



A CASTLE TO LET

by
Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

CHAPTER XII

THE QUEST OF MRS. COOPER

"**A**H, Betty, it is nice to see you; how charming you look, and how suggestive of London!" cried Camiola, warmly greeting her cousin.

They stood together upon the elementary platform of the Ildestadt station in the valley, the visitors having just emerged from the train. Neville looked as though he needed a holiday badly; while Arnold Bassett, in his tweeds, was quite at home abroad, if the expression may be pardoned, and gazed about him with the keen air of one who has seen much and does not mean to admire the mediocre.

"Miss Purdon has not come down to meet you; it is such a fatigue for her," went on

Camiola eagerly. "I must warn you that you have still quite a long journey before you to reach the cyrie where we are perched! I hope you won't feel your hearts faint when you first see the spot to which you have to climb!"

Erwald was in attendance with the pack-mules to carry up the luggage. A subordinate was with him, who would take charge later, when, on the return journey, the travellers should exchange the motor for mule-back in Ildestadt.

The Thurlows and Mr. Bassett thought they had never seen Camiola so animated. She had a fine colour, and seemed in the best of health and spirits.

When the motor had rounded the Trollberg, and the view of the Ildenthal burst upon them, they were really almost as en-

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thusiastic as even the hostess could desire. She hastened to point out to them the turrets of her castle, which, seen against the dense black background of the stone pines, looked like carved ivory.

"Are you all hungry?" she asked. "I hope so. I have ordered lunch at the inn in Ildestadt, and I have asked a young man to meet you. He is very handsome, and he is the future owner of my castle—Captain von Courland."

"Hallo, Camiola!" said Bassett softly, glancing at his late ward with raised eyebrows. Camiola did not mend matters by blushing scarlet. Betty and Bassett exchanged looks. Neville, though he heard, carefully averted his head and seemed absorbed in the beauties of the road. His heart had given a great upward leap. If there was really somebody else in the way, his people could not blame him much!

After a minute he leaned forward to Camiola and said in a low voice:

"I suppose that Fräulein Maldovan is feeling her mother's death very much."

"Yes, deeply. However, I am delighted to say that she is coming to stay with me at Orenfels next week, so I hope to be able to cheer her up. The children have been invited to go, in charge of their governess, to stay with their grandmother, who lives somewhere on the Italian Riviera. The General is going away for a three months' tour with a friend; his health is very much shaken. The house at Szass Lona is to be shut up, and I hope to have Irmgard staying here all that time. Her little brother Conrad is with me now—such a darling boy. The grandmamma does not like boys, so he could not go there, and he is as happy as the day is long at Orenfels. Oh, I do hope I shall be able to make you all comfortable, but it is a queer old place!"

They were now approaching the mediæval walls of Ildestadt.

"It looks like a fairy-tale town!" cried Betty. "It makes me think of the Pied Piper. Oh, can't you fancy the children pouring out through this gateway, towards the bridge over the river?"

"Yes, exactly!" cried Camiola eagerly, feeling more drawn towards Betty than ever before. "The whole place never seems quite real somehow, and the legends are weird. I must tell you some of them."

The car drew up at the Blaue Vögel, and there stood Herr Neumann, with a beaming

face of welcome, and Otho von Courland in a distracting uniform.

He came forward with *empressement* to help out the ladies, and Camiola at once presented him to her cousin.

Betty Thurlow was a fair girl, and certainly pretty. She wore a pale-blue frieze travelling suit, with white hat and shoes, and looked as dainty as though she had never slept in a train in her life. Otho's English had made steady progress during the last ten days, and he was able to say, after a bow of which Betty had never seen the like:

"How do you do? I hope you have made a pleasant journey?"

Greatly relieved, she replied that she had, but that the last bit in the motor was much the most lovely.

"How well that you my country admire," he answered, greatly flattered. "The Fräulein France, she will not go anywhere till you are come. She reserve all the expeditions that you may also go."

Full justice was done by the hungry young people to the abundant lunch provided for them. Bassett, good linguist and seasoned traveller, soon gained the confidence of Herr Neumann, and praised his fare in so discriminating a fashion that the innkeeper's heart went out to him.

So overjoyed was the host to find an expert so appreciative that he insisted upon everyone drinking, at his own expense, the health of the young English lady who was bringing trade and prosperity to the Illdenthal.

Camiola was somewhat taken aback at this proceeding, but more so by the extreme significance of Herr Neumann's words, and his meaning glances towards Otho. "*Hoch, Fräulein—Hoch, Rittmeister von Courland!*" he cried jovially, and added a fervent hope that this beautiful Engländerin had come to restore the lost luck of Orenfels.

Camiola hardly knew where to look, and carefully avoided Bassett's eye. She began to realise that Miss Purdon had been wise when she shook her head over the lessons in English. Of course, the thing was known all over Ildestadt. She had been imprudent, and was vexed.

Otho, however, was learning tact so fast that he perceived her vexation, and also that Herr Neumann must be silenced. He said hastily:

"The luck of Orenfels is already restored,

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by the mere fact of the Fräulein's presence there. We welcome also her illustrious relatives from England! *Hoch, Fräulein Tur-low! Hoch, Herren!*"

Camiola was very grateful to him, and after a moment's reflection consoled herself by the thought that only Mr. Bassett had understood the landlord's toast. She saw him eyeing von Courland narrowly, and was well pleased that the captain showed no signs of ill-bred self-consciousness. By his whole reception of the situation, he rose in her estimation. For the first time she was thinking:

"He really is a very attractive fellow." And in her heart she was adding: "And he has a very attractive castle!"



After a good rest and a comfortable smoke for the men, Erwald brought round the mules, and Betty was in high delight at their beauty, their fantastic harness, and the strong, forbidding countenance of their guardian.

Camiola was greatly cheered by her pleasure. She had been afraid that Betty was a young person for whom the wilderness would have no joy.

The sight of the deserted hotel on the way up struck Mr. Bassett forcibly, and Camiola thereupon told him part of the story of the Great Disappearance.

"That's a most unlikely story," he remarked doubtfully, when he had heard it.

"Yes, isn't it? If it had not been in Murray, I don't think I should have believed it," she replied.

"You tell me that all these people vanished, leaving no trace, and that no search was made."

"Oh, no, not so bad as that! Continual search for six months, so I heard, and a special inquiry was held also."

"Well, then, it seems incredible that nothing was found out."

She told him something of the local superstition, and he was so interested that the conversation lasted the whole way up to Orenfels.

He had also much to ask concerning the curious Saxon population of Ildestadt. Like most people, he was wholly ignorant of social conditions in Transylvania, and was astonished at finding German spoken. Camiola assured him that, once outside the town gates, the language would not carry him far.

The day had been cloudy and uncertain, but the sunset was lovely, and Camiola watched with deep anxiety to see the effect which her fortress would produce upon them.

She led them through the little door into her courtyard, with a beating heart.

The doves, of which there were quantities in and about the castle, were strutting upon the stones, the roses made a glow of many-coloured brilliance on the walls; and Mizpah, stationed upon the semi-circular steps, the open door behind her, showing a gleam of the carved oak within, was a picture of dignified welcome.

There was a chorus of praise as they entered. Forbes, who was now installed, stood smiling in attendance, and was greeted heartily as they passed through the hall. But the outburst of admiration broke forth when they were led out upon the terrace behind.

All was now in perfect order, both without and within. Forbes had settled down wonderfully, considering the shock which his first departure from his native land had been to him, and the curious nature of the arrangements with which he had to be content.

Conrad, in white flannel shirt and trousers, left the game of bowls which Esler was playing with him, and came running towards them.

"Well, Camiola, I confess that I think you were justified. This may be the other end of Nowhere," said Mr. Bassett, "but anything more magnificent than the prospect from this terrace I never saw in all my various travels."

This speech caused profound gratification to the girl. Miss Purdon also was immensely relieved that the dictum of the great man should be favourable. Conrad, with his handsome face and curly head, made a good impression at once. His Anglophobia notwithstanding, he spoke English well, since their uncle, that Admiral who had sent Irmgard to Oxford, held strongly that a knowledge of the English language was essential to all enlightened European peoples.

It was with high hopes of a delightful summer that the young hostess, after tea upon the terrace, led her guests to the rooms assigned to them. It seemed that each door they passed admitted them to fresh beauties. The gallery, the drawing-room, and the state sleeping apartments

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"The car drew up at the Blaue Vögel, and there stood Herr Neumann, with a beaming face"—p. 117.

Drawn by
A. C. Richard

were all declared to be perfect of their kind.

When everybody had been disposed of, Camiola rushed downstairs for half an hour's bowls with Conrad before it was time to dress for dinner.

Esler and the boy had finished their game, and were seated together upon the marble bench, Conrad intently watching something which Esler was fashioning for him out of wood. Camiola stood for a minute looking on, and as she did so, Forbes came out of the house upon the terrace, saw her, and came to where she was standing.

"Excuse me, miss, but I should like a word with you about the waiting."

"I'll come inside," said Camiola, moving towards the door.

"No need to walk a step, miss. The young feller can't understand a word of what we say. It was only, miss, that in view of the large number now sitting down to table, I thought you might feel inclined to ask the young feller to come and help

me wait, as Miss Marston says he used to do before I got here."

"No, no, Forbes," replied Camiola, smiling, her eyes fixed upon the movements of Esler's deft fingers. "I can't ask any favours of him. It is not his place to wait at table, and it was very kind of him to do it until you came."

"I should have thought, miss," ventured Forbes, with the persistence of an old servant, "that if you was to make it worth his while——"

She laughed, as she slowly shook her head. "No, Forbes, it is out of the question. I offended him desperately the very first time I saw him by offering him a tip. You know you wouldn't have been offended the least bit by any tip that was offered you, would you?"

"I hope I should know my place better, miss."

"Very well, then. You can't understand how he feels; but he was furious. He has never forgiven me, and I don't want to insult him again. He has more than enough

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to do, keeping these lovely gardens in order."

"Plenty of time to play with the child, seemin'ly," muttered Forbes, not best pleased.

"I don't care whether there is any waiting or not, Forbes; really I don't. We are holiday making, you know. If you like, you may put the vegetable dishes on the table, and let us pass them round. But I am not going to ask this man to help, so please understand."

"Pass round the dishes yourselves! Not if I drops in my tracks!" declared Forbes in wrath, turning and shuffling off to the house at a great rate.

Camiola chuckled to herself, as she sat down beside the boy on the bench, and rubbed her cheek against his curls. "What a lovely boat Esler is making you," she said, relapsing into German.

"Yes, this is really a good one. It is to float on the cave-stream, of course. I am going to send it down from the place where the water comes out, to the place where it goes in!"

"Is it going to be fine to-morrow, Esler?" asked Camiola a little anxiously. The two previous days had been wet.

"Almost certainly, gracious one. The wind has shifted to the fine quarter and the mercury is rising."

"Good! I hope you will have time to-morrow to come with us to the summit. Captain von Courland is to be with us by eight o'clock, and I think we ought to have you as well as Erwald."

"I can do that very well. Heinrich is well able to do weeding and watering, and I mowed the bowling green this morning."

"Thank you! That is very satisfactory. Will you give the necessary order for me?"

"Gewiss, Gnädigste."

"Come then, Con! Only just time for our game before I dress!"

They ran off together, while Esler rose from the bench and walked away. The dressing-bell took them both by surprise. They raced from the spot whence they stood to the glass doors, and Conrad won by about a foot.

An hour later they all came down to dinner.

They made a nice-looking party, the incongruity of their society toilettes being almost atoned for by its charm. As Camiola came down upon Mr. Bassett's arm, the first thing she saw was Esler, upright and

stiff beside Forbes at the sideboard. His Ildenthaler costume looked so delightful, and was so much admired by her guests, that she felt a quick impulse of gratitude. But how dared Forbes communicate the idea to him, when she had expressly forbidden it? The hot colour rose in her face, as she flashed a glance at the butler, who seemed wholly impenitent; and then for a minute her look met that of young Esler, and she experienced the extraordinary sense of surprise—almost of fear—which she had felt when he came in through the open door, carrying the canary, and found her sitting upon the table in company with von Courland.

It was an extraordinary look, an extraordinary power which this peasant possessed. It made her think of primeval things—the strength of the hills, the silence of dawn, the terrors of magic, the mysteries of sex.

Yes, that was it. As she took her seat at the head of the table, facing the place where he stood, she knew that her colour changed, and she resented it. He stood to her for a new thing. He carried in him the suggestion of a power which she had never hitherto felt. It was almost a pity that such a man should mate with Rahula, the hay-making girl, who would be just as content with anybody else. Since the first day when she had disturbed the haymakers at their work, Camiola had made friends with the inhabitants of some of the chalets near, though their language made intercourse most difficult. Rahula often came to the kitchen of the castle with milk, butter, eggs and other produce. . . . It was perhaps better for young Esler that he should marry someone quite simple, not capable of being upset by his extraordinary moods. Yet she felt it an injustice that the mountain man should not be provided by nature with a mountain woman to understand him.

She was so plunged in these thoughts that the beginnings of conversation were unheeded by her. When she began to attend, Neville was saying:

"By the way, I suppose there is a solicitor of sorts in Ildstadt?"

"I imagine there must be," replied Miss Purdon. "The national equivalent for a lawyer must be essential; people want to make wills and so on."

"I want to combine a bit of business with my pleasure here," went on Neville. "A

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client of ours is in search of a runaway wife, and he is pretty certain that she came to Transylvania."

"But how unlikely! Why should she go to such a place—where strangers are so scarce that she could be easily traced?"

"He has his reasons for the supposition," rejoined her cousin.

"Is it an interesting case?" pursued Camiola.

"My client is anything but an interesting person," replied Neville, with a laugh. "What you might describe as a curmudgeon—surly, ill-conditioned brute, named Cooper. Any wife would have run from him, if she had the power of locomotion, I should think. His wife is partly a native of this country, I should tell you."

"That makes her less easy to trace," opined the K.C. "She will change her name and be swallowed up among her fellow countrymen. I suppose she did not run alone?"

"As to that, I have no precise information. He does not seem to want a divorce. She is a handsome woman, judging by her photograph."

"In any case, she would not come to a remote place like this," remarked Miss Purdon. "In Hldestadt everybody knows his neighbour's business, and a stranger is marked down instantly."

"Perhaps," suggested Camiola suddenly, "she was one of the party that was eaten by the Black Dragon."

"She didn't disappear as long ago as that," replied Neville, amid laughter. "No," he added, more gravely, "my chief hope of tracing her is that she almost certainly has no money. It would be to nobody's interest to keep her secret, and old Cooper would make it to somebody's interest to give her away."

There was a slight clatter of plates at the sideboard, and Esler stooped, with a red face, to pick up the broken halves of a vegetable dish-cover.

He was usually so deft and silent, that Camiola looked up in surprise and saw him scarlet with confusion and annoyance. She pitied him, and sympathised with his mortification, but it was not much noticed, for her introduction of the Black Dragon into the conversation had fastened the attention of everybody upon that fascinating bogey. Camiola gave all the details with which Captain von Courland had supplied her, and added that, as he was to join the party

next day, he would show them the various points of interest.

Esler handing peas at the moment, she addressed him, with marked kindness, to atone for his slight mishap:

"We should not have time, should we, to go to the Gaura Draculuj to-morrow as well as to the summit?" she asked.

"You would do better to leave that for another day, Gnädigste," was the deferential reply.

CHAPTER XIII

CONRAD'S EXPLOIT

EVERYBODY went to bed early that night, and declared themselves ready for anything next morning.

Bassett, however, gave it as his opinion that the summit should not be attempted that day. It was a hard four hours' climb for seasoned mountaineers, and the mules were of no service after the first hour. If they went, most certainly Miss Purdon, and very probably Betty, would have to turn back, which would spoil the day. They therefore decided to go to the Trollzähler Falls instead, a route, so Erwald informed them, of more magnificent beauty, and only half the distance.

For an hour along this path the mules could go, for it was here that the mineral springs, which were to have supplied the *Kurhaus*, had been tapped, and the scheme for carrying the water in pipes down to the hotel had actually been begun. The difficulty was that the hot spring, the most important of all, lost its heat in being carried so far, and had to be reheated, a process in which it parted with some of its medicinal properties—or so the doctors said.

Nobody but Miss Purdon, however, availed themselves of the offer of a mount. The suggestion of a pack-mule for the provisions was also scouted. The men, including Esler and Erwald, carried *Rucksacks*, and were well able to take all the food required, including to every man a half-bottle of the topaz-coloured *vin du pays*, which made a delicious drink mingled with mountain water.

The captain arrived in good time for breakfast *à l'anglaise*. He was somewhat wonderfully arrayed, according to English ideas, in a green hunting suit, and a hat with a feather, like a Tyrolese peasant. However, his good looks and his style carried off the dress, and Neville thought,

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rather touchily, that the girls seemed to admire it more than the Harris tweed worn by their own men, which had no charm of novelty.

Neville was a bit out of it that day, since both Betty and Camiola seemed to be attracted by the captain, and Miss Purdon and the K.C. forgathered persistently. He longed for the arrival of Irmgard, and made use of the time beforehand to court the favour of her young brother. Conrad accepted his overtures very frankly. The good English spoken by the boy made it easy for Neville to talk to him. The gift, later on, of an electric torch from Neville's pocket "for his very own," cemented the friendship with firmness.

Camiola took an early opportunity, after the start, to say to young Esler:

"I hope you do not think that I expect you to help with the waiting at table. I do not know how you came to do it last night, but whoever asked you did so against my express orders."

He looked faintly surprised. "Nobody asked me, gracious one. I thought it would help your Mr. Forbes, so I offered. He seemed pleased."

"No doubt. But it gives you too much to do."

"There is a large part of the year during which I have nothing to do," he replied gravely. "If my health should break down under the strain, I can rest then."

She looked quickly at him, wondering a little at the irony in his words. Surely never did anybody less look like one who is likely to break down. Health itself seemed to have lent the golden brown that tanned his fair skin. He moved with every muscle aplay under the surface of a body which had no ounce of superfluous fat. He was so well-proportioned and compactly built that he never struck the eye as being a tall man, though Camiola noted with surprise, as he walked beside Neville Thurlow, that he was but a couple of inches short of the Englishman's six feet.

He puzzled her. His aunt, Frau Esler, had married a Saxon, and Eric's colouring suggested a mixed parentage: yet the young man had the Roman profile—like that of an emperor on a coin—which is typical of the Roumanian peasantry.

She had but little time, however, in which to study her servants' moods or appearance. Von Courland claimed her, and when after a while he turned to Betty,

Neville was quite ready to take his place at her side.

The Falls were greatly admired by all, even the blasé Arnold Bassett. They were not of any very great height, but they were sheer, and the volume of water which descended was great enough to make a thunder which struck with awe upon the heart. "The strength of the hills," was the thought in Camiola's heart, as she watched that mighty descent.

No special incident marked a delightful day, until evening, when Conrad succeeded in creating a pretty sensation by getting lost.

They had stopped, upon their return, to have tea at the wooden pavilion built and abandoned by poor old Herr Hoffmann, to which, in the early summer mornings of one bygone year, the water-drinkers had repaired on mule back, to obtain their water hot and fresh from the source.

The roof of the little place was still weather-proof, and there were iron tables and chairs, which offered so great a lure to Miss Purdon that the party yielded to her entreaties, and allowed her to have tea there in comfort. Erwald, already accustomed to the tyranny of tea in the English mind, had brought the paraphernalia of spirit kettles and lamps, in whose use Marston had thoroughly instructed him.

Everyone, of course, had to taste the mineral-impregnated water, and everyone voted it nauseous, though Mr. Bassett said it was nothing compared with Harrogate water.

After tea, Conrad ran off to follow the course of the pipes as far as they had been laid. The party was in the midst of an interesting discussion of future plans. They were armed with the best ordnance survey, large scale maps, and they were, under the generalship of Arnold Bassett, deciding upon their next expedition, reference being continually made to the two practised mountaineers, Esler and Erwald.

Nobody noticed the slipping away of the boy. It was not until the men had finished their cigarettes, and had indulged, under Betty's leadership, in a thrilling game of chucking pebbles, to hit a little stone set up on a large boulder, that the signal to move was given.

Then, Conrad was nowhere to be found.

They tried shouting first. All the men in succession exercised the power of their lungs, making the noise reverberate among



"For a long moment she could not speak.
She could only hold the boy tight"—p. 425.

Drawn by
A. G. Michael.

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the rocks. No answering cry or call came to their strained ears.

Esler then ran off down the path as far as the bend, to see if he could descry the boy from afar.

They followed his swiftly moving figure with their eyes until it disappeared, and Bassett, holding his extinct cigar between his fingers, remarked musingly: "How well that chap runs!"

"I was just thinking," remarked Neville, "that he runs like an English public school boy. Did you notice the action?"

"Shows how right our system of training is, I suppose—how near to nature. This chap, who has had no training at all—"

"Oh, you must be wrong there. He has had his military training, no doubt."

"Ah, no doubt. Yes, you are right, I should think."

Esler reappeared, shaking his head.

"He's found nothing," commented Bassett. "Come on, Thurlow, we will go back, up the road, and see if we can spot the youngster's trail."

They moved off together, leaving Camiola standing tense until Esler rejoined her. He spoke at once. "I think I know where he must have gone," he said.

"I will come with you," she replied hastily. Together they returned down the path a little way, then struck off sharply to the right, downhill, along a scarcely perceptible track, among the trees.

"I think I know where he has made for. I can find him. There is no need, Fräulein, for you to come, it is a rough road," he urged.

"Oh!" cried she impatiently, "you ought to know by now that I don't mind rough road, all I want is to find the boy. I would not have any harm come to him for worlds."

"I know it, *Guädigste*," he replied meekly, turning to help her down a steep bit.

Soon they were deep in the heart of the wood, far from everybody. The way here was wide enough to admit of their walking side by side, though Esler kept trying to avoid this. "I am almost certain," he explained, "that he has found the quarry where they began to cut the baths. They broke open a cave there, which is still accessible; . . . and this afternoon the English Herr gave Conrad a torch—he has most likely gone in, and it winds—"

"Then, for mercy's sake, be quick!"

cried the girl on a sudden note of alarm; and as they ran on she panted out, "Oh, Esler, tell me the truth. There is nothing to hurt him, is there? There is not, really, on this mountain side any evil creature with power to do harm?"

He turned then, and looked her full in the eyes, with the passionate intensity she was learning to dread. "I wish I could tell you for certain that there is not," he replied, "but before God I am not sure."

She gave a little cry of horror, and quickened her pace. "Don't let us waste a minute."

They ran for nearly a quarter of a mile through the woods, and when her breath failed she grasped the young man's arm.

"We are just there," he said presently, "and I am almost certain we are right. I have noticed several broken twigs among the juniper."

"What a long way for him to run—bad boy," panted Camiola. "Oh, I am so frightened. Do tell me what makes you think—"

"Ah!" he cried. "I ought not to be such a fool as to alarm you. No harm can come to him here, I am fairly sure. Only you asked me the direct question, and I was obliged to tell you the naked truth."

"What makes you suppose—" she questioned breathlessly.

"Poor old Hoffmann saw it," he murmured, slackening speed for a few steps that she might get her breath. "He is mad, yes, and, of course, they say he was mad when he thought he saw it. But I cannot help wondering whether it was the sight of it which sent him mad."

"Where did he see it?" she gasped, almost inaudibly.

"In the Gaura Draculuj," he answered in the same tone.

As he spoke, and while her brain hummed with the shock of his words, they came to the edge of the trees, and the edge of the land too. They found themselves looking down upon a deep pit, the bottom of which was full of boulders, over whose sides the creepers were already growing.

To their left was the dark hole, showing where the men had knocked through into one of the countless natural cavities of the district, and had therefore been obliged to abandon their work.

Upon a bit of bare rock lay Conrad's alpenstock.

"We are right," cried Esler, pointing to

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it. "There, do you see? Don't trouble to come down, I will go and shout to him."

"Oh, let me come down," she pleaded. "I can't stay up here. I can get down quite easily; don't wait for me, go on as fast as you can and call to him."

She clambered down with amazing celerity, for she was growing used to the mountain life, and took to it well. Esler obeyed her direction, descended himself in a series of running leaps, and reached the bottom.

He went into the cave and shouted. His voice reverberated, echoed, then grew muffled. Camiola was left outside alone.

There descended upon her a stillness which seemed unnatural.

Birds had ceased to sing, for evening was falling. There was no breeze in the hollow, the bushes hung motionless, the grass was unbent by even the merest zephyr. The sound of running water, to which her ear had grown so accustomed, was silent. No voice from the rest of the party penetrated to break the hush.

It soothed her at first. Then she began to be apprehensive. Suppose that something—the vague something which she dare not name—had been lying in wait in that cave, had killed Conrad, and was now attacking Esler?

How long ought she to wait here alone? What could be done in the way of rescue should the two not presently emerge?

Was this to be a second disappearance? Were these two creatures, in the very pride of youth and manhood—sound, vigorous, with life stretching before them—to be cut off from the land of the living, and no man henceforth to know what had become of them?

The creeping horror grew with the silent minutes. It seemed to her as if she must cry out, or run, or enter the cavern herself, anything rather than sit there helpless and solitary, with terror in her heart.

She thought of Conrad and his pretty ways, of the glisten of his curls, and his stumpy, boyish fingers manipulating bits of wood, of the curve of his eyelashes on his fresh cheek as he stooped intent over some bit of work. Then she thought of Esler—of his swift, quiet helpfulness, his reticence, his stark pride, his curious fascination. In a moment of angry humiliation she realised that she was thinking more of this peasant than she had ever thought of any young man in her life.

And at the moment he might be dead, or slowly bearing to the cave's mouth the body of a dead boy.

She hid her face in her hands and shivered. Time raced madly on. How much longer could she bear this strain? The shadow of a big boulder in front of her had travelled perceptibly forward, across the moss. At last a sound came to her ears—a sound from far down in the bowels of the earth. It was at first the merest murmur, then she thought she could translate it into a moaning—not persistent, but intermittent—a moaning noise from within there, from the terrible dark places of the earth where, perhaps, some antediluvian monster still lurked, foul and obscene in the darkness and the fetid airlessness of the dim den.

She rose to her feet, and her eyes dilated. Slowly she moved nearer and nearer, until she stood close to the mouth of the cave, whence something would presently issue into the light of day. The noise grew, ceased, came on again more loudly, it broke into something like a shout. In another minute she distinctly heard a voice.

"Camiola frightened—what rot!" cried Conrad in German. Then, in a moment, he stood before her—such a sight. Daubed from head to foot with whitish clay, clothes ruined, but face beaming with smiles.

"Hallo, Camiola!" he cried blithely, "what did you suppose could happen to me? Here's old Esler been talking to me like a Dutch uncle; says I'm a heartless imp to frighten you so. I say, old girl, were you really so frightened? Oh, you mustn't, you know, you really mustn't think I'm dead every time I go out of sight."

For a long moment she could not speak; she could only hold the naughty boy tight. Her breast heaved, her throat swelled with a feeling she could not master.

Esler, after one glance, turned away, and stood sideways, with a set jaw, gazing at the surrounding landscape.

"Oh, Con, you mustn't!" she stammered out at length. "These caves are so dangerous. Suppose you fell down a cleft? Please, please remember that I am responsible for you to your father. I am in charge of you. Promise me you won't do it again."

"Of course I won't, if you really feel like this about it," answered the boy wonderingly, "but do try to get over it, 'Miola. I'm all

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right, you know. Mr. T'urlo gave me a torch, and I could see where I was going. I really am not a kid, you know."

On that she laughed, a little gasping laugh, and recovered herself.

"Come, we must go quickly back, they will all be distracted," said she, and they moved to the side of the hollow.

It was not so easy to get up as it had been to slide down, and she was glad of Esler's help. Both he and she were silent as they made the best of their way back. Conrad, however, supplied the conversation without effort.

"It simply goes in ever so far—for miles and miles," he said, "and it's only one tunnel, you couldn't lose your way until you come to the queer cavern, a long way on. You have to go down on your knees and crawl, and then you come out in a huge place, and there were most curious things there. I thought at first that they were bones."

"Bones, Conrad!"

"Yes, I felt almost certain that they were. I didn't like it at all, and I was quite glad to hear Esler coming after me. There is a big pond, you know, quite a lot of water, awfully black and cold and silent, and on the edge of the water there were these white things. I picked one up, and it was just like a bone. I thought a sheep had got drowned, but I am not sure that a sheep could have wriggled in where I crept through. I suppose it could, though, if Esler got in. He says they are not bones, after all, they are stalactites—little ones. He showed me one or two up on the roof; one could just see when the torches flashed on them. He thinks there must have been a flood, and some bit of rock gave way and let the water down, and it washed some stalactites off the roof. I wanted to bring away some, but he wouldn't let me wait, he was in such a plaguety hurry to let you know I was safe."

"He was quite right," said Camiola. "I hope you understand, Conrad, that for the future, whenever we are out on the mountains you are not to go out of call."

"Yes. I will remember," he replied with a sudden touch of remorse. "Oh, Miola, please believe that I really did not know you would be frightened."

"I do believe it, darling," she replied, with a hug.

The young man received a more severe reproof from Arnold Bassett when they rejoined the others. That gentleman had been compelled to take a good deal more exercise than he cared for immediately after tea. The party was delayed, dinner would be spoilt, and he was inclined to look upon the boy as a nuisance. Camiola allowed him to lecture, thinking it good for Con to receive a sharp lesson in order that the manœuvre might not be repeated. Her heart was still beating uncomfortably fast, and she shrank from the memory of her thoughts during her solitary waiting outside the cavern.

She sat down upon a stone while the others performed those evolutions which Bassett was accustomed to describe as "getting under way."

Esler brought her some milk to drink, and she was surprised to note how grateful she was for it. As he stood beside her, waiting to take her empty cup, she asked a sudden question.

"Were they bones?"

"Yes, they were," he replied in a tone which, although quiet, seemed to her to hold some hidden excitement. "I thought it better to persuade him that they were not." After a moment's hesitation he added: "Might I ask you not to say anything to anybody? Something has happened inside that cave—I mean, some rock wall has given, and has let down water, and—and maybe, other things too. I would rather not have it talked about until I am sure."

She looked up at him with an eagerness of interest which flashed in her beautiful eyes.

"Tell me," she asked hurriedly, "could it be possible that those bones were—human?"

He replied in the same lowered tones which she had used. "I think there is no doubt of it—no doubt at all."

"Oh!" It was a very excited "Oh!" and after a hesitation she added:

"Is it possible—could they—have been washed down from—from the Gaura Draculuj?"

"It is not impossible."

[END OF CHAPTER THIRTEEN.]



RELIGION AT THE FRONT

By the Rev. G. E. DARLASTON, M.A.

THERE is no subject that should be of greater interest to Christian people than this one of the religion of the soldier; but it is in reality a most difficult one to treat possibly or adequately. In this article I cannot promise to do more than to present a rough personal impression of one or two details that attracted my attention during my stay in France. Life at the front is almost as vast and varied as life at home; and, recognising the limited scope of my observations, it is better to avoid generalisation, and to decline to draw conclusions.

No Striking Revival

Early in the course of the war there were some anticipations that the battle-lines would be the scene of great religious revival. The "reality" of things experienced, the fear for life, the presence of death—these, it was thought, would stimulate the soul to find its peace with God. Many thought that something like a religious mass movement would make itself felt in the Army. But nothing like this has happened. It does appear, however, that the life of the trenches acts as an intensifier upon character, bringing to rapid development what was latent before. A bad man will probably become worse; but a good man will probably be better for the experiences out there. There is no doubt that the religious experience—the vivid apprehension of the spiritual—has come to many men at the front. It has come with the flash of inspiration and insight, and as a great calm in the midst of tumult. But the experience is often so frail and fleeting, so quickly overlaid by subsequent impressions, that one of the difficulties of chaplains is how to reinforce it and show men what it means. The men who have had some religious training at home and church can understand it and link it on to the great experiences of the Bible and the Church; but there are many, it must be feared, to whom such influences will be transient unless they are followed up by Christian agencies.

I. This was the first thing that struck me after I had got used to appearances: the emergence of the spiritual, the nearness of God to men. I say when I had got used to appearances, because, if you go by appearances alone, military life seems to be a godless and heathen existence. If twelve men occupy one billet and two are using violent and vulgar language which assaults your ears and sickens your soul, you are apt to take your impression of that billet from those two men and that conversation; you are likely to forget that there are ten other men who are going on with their work in remarkable indifference to what has absorbed your attention.

And so of life at the front generally, there are many things which justify the epithet "godless," and yet I confess that I was surprised to find how frequently men felt that God was near to them and how near they found Him.

Faith still Survives

I thought that men would be obsessed by their hideous tasks and perilous surroundings. War is such a denial of God that I feared that all faith would be submerged, and that the only religion would be a hard, unyielding stoicism in a framework of crude militarist theology. I expected that men would have found the problems of Providence so difficult that they would have preferred to leave such a puzzling Providence out of the business altogether.

For the last few years the popular thought in our country has been to identify God with the whole system of things, and I thought that, when the whole system of things had proved to be so wicked and rotten, faith in God would have collapsed with it. But in the main these anticipations were wrong, and though I met some of these questions, they were not at all common.

No; the more typical movement of the soldier's mind, I believe, has been towards something in contrast with all that he sees. It has been, as it were, according to a law

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of reaction, and even in the midst of what he himself calls Hell, he finds God.

I will not attempt to explain it; I will keep to the concrete. I was sitting at a table one night, drinking coffee and listening to the men talking of the fearful experiences out of which they had just come. And one man, evidently respected by the rest, said: "I bet you that there is not a man who was in Delville Wood that night who is an atheist." I said, "No?" I did not say what I thought, though I confess I should have thought that Delville Wood was enough to make any man an atheist, and probably it and the like of it have darkened the faith of many.

The men themselves had described it as "Hell," which surely is the denial of God, and yet, curiously enough, here was a man challenging a dozen men around him that nobody who had been in Delville Wood could doubt God.

What Happened in Delville Wood

I thought that perhaps it was just the sense of gratitude that he had come out of it safely, that made him say it. So I said, "Why do you think that?" He replied, "There wasn't a man who didn't pray that night." "No," said another, a Roman Catholic, "we all said our prayers that night." "Well?" I said, wanting him to go on. "Well," he added, "when a man does pray, it makes all the difference."

I have thought a lot about that conversation. I do not want to use it uncritically; but, sifted down, I believe it comes to this, that that man did find God near, even in those circumstances; that it made all the difference; that it was so vivid that he believed his experience was repeated in all his companions.

This was not an isolated illustration of what prayer means to men and how near and real God is to those who call on Him. In different ways I found the same thing continually. At first, when I saw new men coming up to join their regiments, either new drafts or returned wounded, I feared that I should not be able to help them on their hard way beyond ordinary kindness and the good wishes which cost so little and are given so easily. Not once, but a dozen times I found that prayer made all the difference between nervous fear and quiet, steady self-possession.

And the way the chaplains talked to the men witnessed to the same thing. Prayer was the burden of many an address to which I listened. You might have thought it was the last thing to recommend, or to appeal to strong young men; you might have thought of all the problematic sides of it, of the unanswered prayers, of which there have been so many. But no; they bade men pray and taught them to pray, made them pray aloud and together. And I came to the conclusion that these men knew their business. The problems of prayer are never solved, but the fact of prayer is never in vain.

And this is what many of these men discovered. Perhaps it is nothing more than Christian people would imagine. Certainly for experienced Christian people it will be no more than they expected, but to me it was the biggest comfort and help. I was afraid that the circumstances would make God too remote, would darken the vision; but I feel sure now that men out there do find that God is nigh when they call upon Him, that as the Psalmist said, He does not let a man down who trusts Him—"He that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded." Men recognise—how can they do otherwise?—that they may not be delivered, that they may be killed; but, nevertheless, they are finding that in deliverance or in death God is near them.

The Vision of Jesus

Those pictures of Jesus standing over a lonely, dying man—pictures which, in our hard and critical moods, we have thought sentimental—are really true. In life or in death prayer does make the difference. God does not let a man down.

By all this I do not mean to convey the impression that the Army is a very pious institution, filled with praying men. From the bits of it that I have seen I should say it is not. I admit that men will pray in the moment of danger, and cease immediately the danger is over; that the prayer may appear crude and be nothing more than a fearful cry for deliverance. What the content of his prayer may be depends on the quality of a man and on the stage of his spiritual development. I knew one man personally who has left proof that his last prayers were not for himself, but for his people at home. This may be excep-

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tional, I do not know; but that men do pray in times of danger, and that they get answers in the realised presence of God and in the calmer mind that comes to them, I have no doubt.

II. Another thing that I was eager to see was the place that Christ might occupy in the minds of men at the war. I wondered whether the meekness, the forbearance, the patient suffering of Jesus, without complaint and without revenge, could keep any place in the men's minds.

I had heard it said that chaplains read from the Old Testament and not from the New, and I should not have been altogether surprised. I wondered whether men did not want a warrior-God more than a suffering Son of Man. I thought that the Hohenzollern theology, with the tribal deities, would be more popular in the trenches than the conceptions in which most of us have been brought up. My evidence on this question was far too slight, and yet from some conversations, from the way men prayed in a prayer meeting, from some things said in a Bible class, and from a distinct preference for certain hymns, I gathered that the gentle Jesus still had a place in the hearts of men concerned in war.

It was quite contrary to my anticipations. It was an agreeable surprise, as was the first thing mentioned—the nearness of God in prayer. Again, I think their minds worked along the lines of the contrast to the things they see. They see the warrior ideal, and they know what it means, and they conclude that is not the highest. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Home was never so beautiful, parents and absent friends never so dear as in that life which is so far away from this. And so of Christ, even in those things in His character and teaching which many people are tempted to overlook, the utter absence of them makes the heart yearn for them all the more. It is easier to read the Beatitudes at the front than in a church at home. They sound like the challenge that faith flings down—a challenge to all that is. More than ever out there one feels that for all the motives and passions of war must be substituted something like these things that Jesus calls blessed, if ever peace is to reign secure in the earth.

The feeling grew in me, gathered from an accumulated mass of little things, that

men thought of Christ as they might think of someone, probably a woman, someone very beautiful and good, very faithful and tender, suffering at a distance, suffering by sympathy, suffering in silent antagonism to all the sin and tragedy, suffering on a cross. But it was remote. As one man said gruffly to another who had said something about God and the war: "You keep God out of this!" And yet, though Christ was the remote and suffering ideal, that mystic experience of God which came to them in danger had all the qualities of Christ—it had the face and form of Christ.

Those stories of the crucifix erect among the ruins of broken churches, many of them doubtless true, sometimes running into superstitious exaggeration, as when men have said "The German shells never hit the cross," have some deep significance if we could only unravel it. The wish is father to the thought that the cross cannot be hit, and the heart acclaims with gladness that what the symbol stands for is also intact and immune.

Suffering with Him

The men firmly believe that the sufferings of those who die in the war are somehow linked on to His suffering. Too lightly, perhaps, they identify their material sacrifices with His holy sacrifice. But all the same, sometimes through crude conceptions, sometimes by inadequate ones, they feel that Christ is central in the faith, and that the suffering Saviour is the Lord. I cannot think that it was without significance that one of the favourite hymns was:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

One night men had been singing all sorts of things, passing in a most delightful way from profane to sacred, and sacred to profane, and one man said, "Let's finish up with 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.'" He was an older man than most of them, and they called him "Daddy." But when it was done he said, "It's the best of the lot. Good night!"

III. I will just mention another pleasant surprise. It was not really a surprise, and

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yet the realisation of it was a surprise, viz : The freedom of the men from that bitter hatred of the enemy which sometimes passes muster for good patriotism at home. The common name for the enemy is Fritz, and with more familiarity, "Old Fritz" and "Boche," though free from the accent and innocent of the meaning that the French often put into it.

Whatever men may do in the heat of battle—and you hear strange stories and eloquent defences—the soldier seems to retain no personal malice. He has everything that would appear to justify such bitterness, but in the main he is remarkably free from it. Men suffer acutely from the death of their friends. I have seen men cry as they have told me of comrades shot down. I did not know what to say to one broken-hearted man. But he brushed the tears from his eyes and said: "Well, you see, it's war, sir." In the depth of his anguish he did not blame the Germans, nor even the Kaiser; it was that awful impersonal thing, "War."

Judging from conversations and also from silence, I cannot imagine the soldier in the thick of it protesting because here and there in the military cemeteries you come upon a cross bearing the inscription: "Here lies the body of an unknown German soldier."

A Typical Incident

I was in a train, alone in the compartment, and as I felt out of things I in-

vited some Tommies into the carriage. They came, and after three or four hours (the train travelled at about three and a half miles an hour) some of the men were asleep, and the group at the far side were gambling hard. They were going to convoy German prisoners, and the conversation turned on "Souvenirs." One man said: "Tell you



The Sabbath :
An In'ormal Service near the Front Lines.

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Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

what! You keep your biscuits in your pockets till the chap gets hungry. When his belly's empty, he'll empty his pockets." The answer was "Gar'n!"

On another occasion a man brought me a post card which had been given him by a prisoner. I translated it for him. It was just an affectionate message from the man's

little daughter, and when I had handed the card back to my friend, he said: "There, it's what I always say, we are all alike!"

Whatever other people may say or think, the soldier seems to find no difficulty about forgiveness—to have none of that personal feeling which makes it impossible for him to forgive his enemies.

THE MANSE BAIRNS

By

ISABEL CAMERON

I MADE their acquaintance first while I was recovering from a long, tiresome illness. Dr. Mackenzie said, one morning, "I am changing your medicine," and when it arrived I found, to my surprise, that it was in the form of a magazine, with the page turned down at "The Manse Bairns." The doctor had written on the margin, "To be taken when suffering from depression."

Rather delightful medicine, wasn't it? And as a cure for the "dumps" I never experienced anything so good. There was a picture of a little boy—a bare-footed, rather untidy little figure—brandishing a sword in one hand and beating a drum with the other. A little girl was sitting busily painting his portrait on what was presumably the nursery wall, while a dog—I never can resist stories with dogs in them—was chewing a tube of paint. The artist had thrown an amazing amount of spirit into the picture. You could tell that the little boy was really a desperate fellow, and that his sister had her work before her when she attempted the "Portrait of a Soldier," which was what the picture was to be entitled. Incidentally, one wondered what the grown-up guardian of these pickles would say. It was to find out this that I began to read the story, and for a whole hour I was away, far from my room. I was in a Scottish manse, helping to paint the "Portrait"—sometimes we put in the lighter touches with a feather which at one time belonged to the domestic hen, and we were not above licking up the "pervoking blobs" which threatened to be the ruin of us! 'Sides, we had to keep a sharp eye on a dog who would insist upon thinking he was an ostrich.

We were just getting a little anxious over the result of our labours when, turning the page, I read the tantalising words, "To be continued."

With a sigh I returned to my bedroom, sorry indeed to part with such pleasant companions, but thankful for the many

new and pleasant thoughts they had given me.

Next day the doctor's report was much more favourable.

"How about the new medicine?" he inquired.

"I love it. Please may I have some more?"

"If you're good. Let me see: there's a poor little boy I'm attending just now—I think it's his turn for this number of 'The Manse Bairns.' I'll send you the next number. I am prescribing them for a lot of my patients."

In the next instalment I found that the manse bairns didn't fare so badly after all. There was a brick of a servant—Kate by name—who scolded first, and then managed to cover the "Portrait of a Soldier" by the simple process of pasting a piece of wall-paper right over the whole damaged area—blobs included! Evidently Kate was a girl with ideas. But the children were no sooner out of one pickle than they were headforemost into another. I never could be quite sure how many bairns there were. The ringleader was Boy—he always had a capital letter; then there was the little artist whose name was Letty; but beyond these there were Davy—a sensitive child who had a knack of making you feel sorry for him—and Alice, a little dreamer, and Lucy and Emily, and an adorable child called Marjorie, and an invalid child—Paul was his name—and, of course, the dog, an Irish gentleman with the Irish name of Barney. There were other children who came and went, too, possibly neighbours, and our next-door neighbour was a great friend, though quite old. His name was Mr. Dick. You never beheld anything like the kites he could make! Never had any mere mortal been able to make such "waggish tails"—comets were nothing to them! He had a dog, too—name of Rab—a huge mastiff who sauntered along the road as if he had his hands in his pockets.

One week the little folks went out camp-

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ing and had a dreadful adventure. Boy saw an animal which "looked something like an elephant and something like a bear." It frightened him dreadfully; but, like the bold adventurer he was, he went up to it and found it was a sack of potatoes! This story always made their Daddy laugh and ask wasn't it like the lobster which once dropped out of a fish-wife's creel and was found by a country man who did not know what it was? After consulting his wisest friend, he concluded, "If it was not an elephant, it was, certainly, a turtle dove!"

Another week the children got into hot water over a stray dog they found. They kept it hidden for some days, though the feeding of the animal was a perfect nightmare, and they were not sorry to find its lawful owner, an old gentleman who was splendid at telling stories—a tall man, and though lame, nimble and alive with power, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills. He and Marjorie became fast friends, and she used to teach him a nonsense rhyme, beginning:

Wonery, twoery, tickery seven,
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven.

This used to make him "roar with laughter," and Marjorie had to rebuke him quite severely for his bad behaviour.

There was one dreadful week when all the children fell ill of measles, and because troubles never come singly Kate's sweetheart went off to "furrin pairs" and forgot to write to the poor girl. That was a miserable week, and when it came to an end we were thankful to hear that all the little invalids were on the mend—except little Paul, who always took things badly, poor mite. Kate's sweetheart (Sam) wrote her a letter which took three days and the dictionary to decipher—so that was something like a letter! In the penitence of his heart he signed his name with a little "s," feeling he was quite unworthy of a large one. So touched was Kate by this, the last of her wrath evaporated, and though it was the forenoon and her day for polishing the "vinolia," which was what she called the linoleum, she seized her pen to say, "It is with the greatest of pleasure I sit down to write you these few lines to let you know we all have the measles, and hoping you are the same—"

Very evidently it was the mother of the manse bairns who wrote those delightful

chronicles. How she had the time for it was a mystery; but mothers and the way they find time for their labours of love will always remain a mystery. Money was none too plentiful, and she and Kate seemed to make and mend for the little band who rent—not their hearts, but their garments with the greatest alacrity. Boy, at the age of five, was highly indignant 'cos his new trousers were made by his mother and Kate. "I won't have womans to make my clothes," he declared angrily; "I want mans to make them—with pockets, 'speshully one at the back to hold my resolver."

There was a large garden—happy hunting-ground for these little folks—and there was a rowan tree near the gate. The children used to make wonderful jewellery out of the red berries; and Barney, who really was a deplorable dog, used to swallow necklaces by the yard.

Flowers bloomed luxuriantly, if untidily, everywhere, for flowers always grow where folks love them. There was the summer-house which became a robbers' cave, the deck of a ship, a desert island, or the interior of Jonah's whale just as the occasion demanded. Sometimes Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday came to stay for a week-end, and in return for this kindness they gave the children strange gifts, such as cocoanuts and *calthonias* and *kipperooos*. And if you were to ask what these last two were, then Boy would tell you that a *calthonia* is a beast something like a dragon and something like a corkydile, with claws and scales—a dreadful monster, but invaluable for keeping off burglars because of his ability to bark like a bull; a *kipperoo* is something like a kippered herring, but more like a kangaroo. And if you harboured any mean doubts after being told all this—look! there are the very shells of the cocoanuts with ferns growing in them. Kate, the maid of the highlands, who spoke "the Gaelic" and could make haggis—"You take a set of bagpipes and boil them"—that's how the recipe begins)—Kate, I say then, was a darling, and anyone could tell it just by looking at her. No doubt she did give the bairns an occasional "skelp," but the way in which they twisted her round their fingers afterwards was a scandal!

I could picture the mother of these happy bairns! A tall, calm-eyed, sweet-faced woman, with a mouth like a child's, sweet

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and impressionable, and always ready to break into laughter. The father was a more shadowy figure until the awful night when Letty took croup, and we saw that behind that stern face there was a tortured father-heart torn with pity for the sick child. "All night he had sat up with Letty, and in the morning, just as the light was creeping into the room, showing the child's wan face and the watching father's anxious one, there came to him this vision: He saw little Letty stumbling along a lonely road. Her feet were bare, and the stones cut into her tender flesh. Then suddenly there appeared a tall man who lifted the child into his arms. With a contented sigh she nestled against his shoulder. 'Who are you, man?' she murmured. He answered, 'Men call me the Son of the Carpenter.' Letty looked into his face, and then she cried, 'But your right name is Jesus.'"

II

"**H**AVE you ever been in Scotland?" Dr. Mackenzie asked me one day. "No; but I should like to go—especially since I know so many people there now."

"Well, do you know"—this with the air of imparting a great secret—"I come from Scotland."

I tried not to smile.

"Yes," he said, his eyes glowing as he thought of his homeland, "and if I had the time it's not staying here in smoky old London I would be, and this the month of August and the heather!" By his eyes I knew he was back among that same, sweet heather. "Well, I'm just to pack you off," he said with, as it were, a farewell wave to his fair vision of Scotland. "And at once, too—at once," he added fiercely. "When I catch my patients laughing at me (as you were doing just now, madam—and don't contradict me) I feel it's time to wash my hands of them."

"And send them to Scotland?" I inquired wickedly. "But jokes aside, doctor, I know no one in Scotland except 'The Manse Bairsns,' and I don't even know where they stay."

"I'll manage that for you," he said, and he was as good as his word, for in a day or two he returned with the address.

"It's the first turning to the right after

you leave Carlisle," he informed me, "and you'd better stay a day or two in Edinburgh before going farther north."

The thought of seeing all those little people, whom already I knew so well, made me hasten northwards after a day's rest and a careful inspection of the toy shops in Princes Street, and if you wish to know what I was wanting with a boy's bicycle and a girl's doll's house, then I beg you respectfully to mind your own affairs.

The air was full of the noise of rustling leaves and waving corn when I got out at the little station of Cairnlaverock, which was the lovely name of my little friends' home. I asked the stationmaster which was the way to the "Old Manse," and he pointed out to me a big white house about half a mile away.

"It's near the church, and right forment the church yaird," he said, and for some reason unknown I felt chilly. The churchyard! There had been no mention of it in all the stories.

"I shall send for those things later on," I said, pointing to certain packages on the platform.

Going along the road I kept wondering would I meet any of the children. I was sure I would know them anywhere. But the road was painfully silent. Strange that there were none of the bairns about. The rowan berries at the manse gate were beautifully red—I marvelled that industrious little hands had not long ago converted them into necklaces. I recognised the summer-house in the corner—it was surprisingly tidy, and at one side was a little mound covered with ferns growing in empty cocoa-nut shells. The front door was open, and in the wide, empty hall there was no trace of a child—not one! No child's hat on the pegs, no muddy footmarks on the "vinolia."

About the whole place there hung the most appalling silence. The spirit of the house was desolate; it came out to meet me like a pitiful grey ghost, and, I tell you, it chilled me to the heart.

I rang the bell—the clang of it seemed to shatter the silence—and after what seemed like a long time, I heard footsteps at the back of the house. Then coming along the hall I saw—Kate? Oh, no; this old grey-haired woman must be a charwoman in for the day. Kate and the bairns must be off on

THE MANSE BAIRNS

some gay jaunt. Yes, yes; that would be the explanation. Silly of me not to think of it before.

"Is—is," I began, my mouth so dry I could hardly speak, "is your name Kate?"

Of course it wasn't, but I simply *had* to ask.

A smile broke through the network of wrinkles on her face, and she said softly, "Yis, mem."

"And—and—is your mistress at home?"

I suppose it was my voice which asked the question, and I could hardly hear the reply for the drumming of the blood in my ears.

The smile died off her face.

"She is in the churchyard, mem," she answered simply. "Look, see, thon's her."

She pointed to a woman who seemed to be gardening in—why do I hate to say the word?—in the churchyard.

I heard myself say something to the servant—some commonplace remark, and then I stole into the quiet place where the dead are sleeping.

So absorbed was the kneeling woman in

her task, she was unaware of my presence, and before I spoke to her my frightened eyes read the inscription on the gravestone at whose foot she was trimming a white rose-bush.

"Sacred to the memory of——"

Then followed the names of a father and two children. Years have passed since I read those names; I cannot recall them even yet without tears, for they were those of Boy and Letty Stuart, and of their father, John Stuart.



Suddenly the kneeling woman seemed to become aware of my presence. She turned and looked questioningly at me.

Never did words seem such useless, unhelpful things.

"You—you are Mrs. Stuart?" I stammered.

"Yes," she said quietly, and stood waiting.

"I—I have been reading about the Manse Bairns," I said, "and—I thought——"



"A little girl was sitting busily painting his portrait,"—p. 432.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw.

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She took my hand gently in hers. She was a little, little, bent old woman, with a face sad beyond all telling.

"They are gone," she said, and pointed to the stone. "Gone these twenty years."

"But—but," I stammered, "the others? Where are they?"

"Come into the house," she said. "You do not look very well. Come and rest."

I followed her into the quiet, desolate place, walking softly as one does when some dear, dead one lies near. She led the way into a room, and it was so pitifully unlike my mental picture of it that I cannot bear to speak of it. It looked out on to the churchyard.

"Twenty years ago," she repeated, "diphtheria came to the place, and within the week I lost—husband—and children. The congregation were building a new manse—this one was supposed to be unhealthy—and they kindly allowed me to stay here—beside my dears."

Her soft, old face was quivering piteously, and her hands kept smoothing out the quaint little, black silk apron she wore.

"I still feel as if they were with me," she went on presently, "and lately the idea came to write those little stories. I wrote at first just to ease my own heart, and now—I am told—the little stories have helped others."

Mrs. Stuart came over and sat down beside me, taking my hand into her own little scrap of a hand.

"Don't cry, my dear," she said, and for a moment I had a glimpse of the mother who had comforted her little children twenty years ago!

"But the others?"

"There were no others," she said gently.

"All the others were make-believe."

"Davy and little Paul?"

She smiled.

"Did you not recognise little David Copperfield? The children loved him, and little Paul Dombey and Em'ly, the blue-eyed mite of a child. They used to make believe that these came to play with them."

"And Marjorie?"

"Pet Marjorie," she answered. "Marjorie Fleming, and her great friend Sir Walter, and Rab the carrier's dog, and Maida, whom they loved."

I sat speechless.

"Barney," she went on, "was their own

dog. He's buried beside the summer-house. I wonder if you noticed the ferns growing on his grave?"

I nodded.

"My dear, you're looking so cold. Let me tell Kate to make you some tea."

"No, no; tell me more," I begged.

She pointed to three drawings, the unmistakable work of some childish hand, and at which I had not hitherto dared to glance. "Letty did these," she said.

No mistaking the little girl in the crinoline with the funny little apron and the strappled shoes—Alice in Wonderland. Lucy Grey needed a label, and so did Mr. Dick, who seemed to be the White Knight and Don Quixote as well, and when you think of the kind, foolish faces of these three undoubted gentlemen, you will see that they had much in common. Through the empty old house sounded the solemn tick-tock of the grandfather's clock. It was into it Letty had peeped to see where did the time go.

"My dear, I insist upon the tea. I want a cup myself. Kate," she smiled brightly, "Kate abides with me still. Her sweetheart was Sam Weller, and I am sure you remember that he married the pretty housemaid in 'Pickwick Papers'?"

Lines I had read somewhere kept saying themselves in my head as I looked at the lonely little lady:

Now when bedtime comes at length
To me, sitting here alone,
And the ticking of the clock
Tells how still the house had grown;
Oh, how heavy is the heart
That was once so light of yore;
Now I seem to bar them out
When at night I bar the door.

"At first, my dear," she went on, "I was very rebellious. I could not sleep, and I kept listening to the wind and the rain. One morning very early I went out . . . I went out . . . It was dark, and, like another desolate woman of the old time, I was weeping at the grave of my beloveds. In the gloom I noticed someone standing by me—and I thought it was the gardener. He called me by my name, but still I did not know him. Then he said to me, 'Your little daughter knew me at once. How is it that you do not?' Then—then it flashed on me that no gardener was this, but the Son of the Carpenter—the Christ Himself. He abides with me through all the empty years. His rod and His staff they comfort me."

THE TRUTH ABOUT "TWILIGHT SLEEP"

An Unbiased Investigation

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

I need offer no apology for dealing with this deeply important question in the pages of THE QUIVER. Miss Barnard has not sought to make out a case either way, but simply to get at the truth.

CHILDBIRTH that is comparatively painless, and transitory as a dream while dozing in a quiet room—such an idea, such a hope, is in the minds of many women to-day. The question of the efficacy and value of the treatment known as "twilight sleep" is an urgent one to individual women; it is also of profound importance in view of the decreasing birth-rate and the high rate of infant mortality. For the present alarming statistics, taken in conjunction with the loss of young manhood through the war, point to extinction of the race unless the process is stopped betimes. It has been alleged that increased sensitiveness to pain, the penalty of our higher civilisation, is an important factor in dragging down the birth-rate. Added to that, it is easy to understand how the vast number of women who have become bread-winners during the war are confronted with conditions inimical to maternity.

Empty Homes

Many women—and husbands on their behalf—are to-day disinclined to face the penalties of parenthood. Women have con-

fessed to refusing marriage for fear of them, and they have been one of the main factors in restricting families to one or two members, especially among the upper classes.

That the results are serious there is no gainsaying. Parents in a social position where they can well bring up and launch into life big families have their houses almost empty, though in poverty-stricken streets and alleys little ones swarm in misery. During the war the names of only sons on the rolls of honour of young officers have become sadly numerous. There are, of course, several other factors causing restriction of the

family, such as limitation of income, loss of health, marriage at a later age, and the spread of venereal disease; but whether through deliberate intent or misfortune, the results are sufficient to rouse the anxiety of every member of our Empire, especially as the yellow and black races are increasing apace.

The History of "Twilight Sleep"

Hence every legitimate means to arrest the fall in the birth-rate is becoming imperative. For years



A "Twilight Sleep" Home in Yorkshire.

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A Very Healthy "Twilight Sleep" Baby.

this has been evident to political economists; the war has blazoned it before our eyes. We realise at last that empty cradles mean an empty country, and we would save our civilisation from the disasters that overtook ancient empires.

Before the war the general public knew little about "twilight sleep" treatment; but during the last two years or so keen interest has been taken in the matter, and articles upon it outside medical journals have appeared in the lay press, usually advocating it strongly. I have heard these deprecated as premature and rousing hopes not yet justified by the present state of advance in the treatment. But before considering this point, let us see what the treatment is and where it originated.

The Treatment

The patient undergoes successive injections of two drugs—morphine, the valuable ingredient of opium obtained from the poppy, the use of which in deadening pain is widespread; and scopolamine, or hyoscine, obtained from henbane. The levorotatory variety of hyoscine is the one selected. When mixed in certain proportions these drugs produce a selective effect on the brain, affecting its higher functions, dissociating the links of memory, and preventing or modifying the sensation of pain for the time being. Into the chemical analysis of the drugs it

is unnecessary to enter. They are, like many other medicinal drugs, poisonous; like chloroform, which at first met with much opposition in its application, they need careful administration. For hyoscine, it is contended that it relieves griping pain, acts favourably on the involuntary abdominal muscles, stimulates respiration, and has no ill-effect upon the heart.

These are important considerations in obstetrics. Advocates of the treatment regard it as beneficial to the child. Quiet surroundings are essential, with no loud noises, no glaring light; while the patient lies in a semi-conscious, drowsy condition, yet capable of performing natural functions. The nervous system is saved the exhausting effects of pain; and when she wakes up from the "twilight sleep" and is no longer under the influence of the drugs, her memory is unimpaired, though she is unconscious of the experience she has just passed through. If pain has been felt at all, it has been in



Another—aged 12½ months.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "TWILIGHT SLEEP"

a modified, indirect form. Such are the claims made for the treatment to-day by keen supporters of it.

As to the source of origin, "twilight sleep" was first experimented with in Austria, developed in Germany by Dr. Carl J. Gauss at Freiburg, and called by him "Dämmer-schlaf," or "Twilight Sleep." Thence the treatment passed to America and England. The results were not regarded as entirely favourable on the Continent and in America.

by year. The opinion of this Professor of Midwifery at Edinburgh University is important, for if one person can make the treatment a success, so can others.

In a letter to Mrs. Rion, published in her book—from which she kindly gives me permission to quote—Sir Halliday says, "Ever since its first introduction I have used it [scopolamin-morphin] regularly in every private case under my care, rendering the whole process a dream, and without



A Group of a few "Twilight Sleep" Mothers and Babies.

Mrs. Hanna Rion, who has been indefatigable in advocating the treatment, and whose book, "Painless Childbirth in Twilight Sleep," is an exhaustive history of it, says: "In America the imp of experiment seemed to seize almost every doctor who used scopolamine-morphia." But British doctors profited by the experiments of Continental and American ones. To-day, some nine years after introduction of the treatment, it is widely known in France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Finland, Japan, and the Argentine. In this country we are conservative and cautious, and usually wait for the lead of a strong man. He has appeared in the person of Sir J. Halliday Croom, of Edinburgh, who says his confidence in the effect of the treatment has increased year

the slightest bad effects either to the mother or the child. Sometimes the baby has been a little drowsy, but was easily roused. I have used it regularly in the hospital here, but not so systematically as in private practice, because many of our patients are brought to the hospital in the process of labour, and the use of such a drug is contra-indicated. The results here have been likewise satisfactory, although I think hospital patients are not so easily placed under its influence as private ones, for obvious reasons. There have been no untoward events in the maternity hospital."

Medical Opinion

But others do not yet recognise a great boon in the treatment. As a result of in-

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quiry in London, the consensus of opinion is that the public desire for the treatment is ahead of perfected experimentation, and that the treatment is still controversial, many doctors being against its use. At the Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital in London I was told that five or six years ago experimentation was made, and given up as unsatisfactory in general practice. Difficulties in the way were found to be danger of suffocation to the child, costliness of the treatment, since it was unsafe for the medical attendant to cease watching the patient the whole time, and the unsuitability of similar treatment for every case. However, it was thought that with modification the treatment might be of service.

Very Cautious

The matron of a small maternity nursing home was very cautious in giving her opinion. She said nearly all maternity hospitals had tried the treatment, but it had not, as yet, been attempted long enough in England. She personally had only had a limited number of cases in her home, and those only such as the doctors thought very suitable patients for "twilight sleep." As to the effects, she admitted many of the mothers had not felt pain at all; one or two liked the treatment; and she had come across instances of the mother refusing to believe the baby had been born. One of the disadvantages was that the babies were sometimes born blue, but revived. This informant also emphasised the need for early treatment of the patient, and expressed regret that publicity had been given at the present stage. "Every woman is talking about it, and not every woman can undergo it safely."

The secretary of a large maternity hos-

pital where the patients during 1916 numbered about eight hundred also gave a very cautious pronouncement. She considered the treatment to be only in an experimental stage; very many injections may be necessary, and, wrongly administered, may stop the confinement. She spoke of the danger of bringing a drugged child into the world. The director lady doctor of the hospital is trying a modified form of

treatment, the results of which she intends publishing. Stress is laid in this hospital on pre-natal treatment, dieting, hot baths, etc. Interesting results are to be looked for, especially as its School of Midwifery and School of Monthly Nursing are doing important work.

Opinions Divided

A lady doctor in a London suburb considered the opinions about "twilight sleep" were divided, the majority being opposed to it in its present state. Most people agree that the child is born drugged, but the effect passes off. This effect of the treatment on the child

is, of course, very important. What mother would desire her sufferings to be lessened at the expense of her child? In some cases there is danger of the child being suffocated, and failures, no doubt, have brought discredit on the treatment. A woman who devotes her life to the interests of mothers and babies tells me she knows many mothers who have undergone the treatment and found it helpful to themselves and the children. She declares there is great need of a clinic for it, and for more medical practitioners and nurses to specialise in it. Evidently a busy general practitioner, overworked as most are at the present time, is hardly the one to administer a new treatment requiring special training and skill.



Aged Fourteen Months.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "TWILIGHT SLEEP"

In gathering verdicts from many sources, I have been told by one doctor that his experiments have not been extensive enough to warrant his passing an opinion, though he finds the "twilight sleep" treatment does lessen pain. In discussing the low birth-rate, he spoke warmly of the ill-effect of the alarmist tales of elder women in frightening young ones. "That," he says, "does more to decrease the birth-rate than any amount of 'twilight sleep' would do to raise it. Expectant mothers come to me in a pitiable state, and I have to reassure them and point out that, after all, birth is a natural physiological function." It is interesting to hear that, after years of practice, he considers childbirth is becoming easier rather than more difficult. This opinion has special interest in view of the alleged increase of difficulty through the head of the child being larger—owing to greater brain development—while the human pelvis remains the same size. However that may be, this doctor gives the warning so many have given, that treatment that suits one woman may not suit another.

One formidable obstacle to adoption of "twilight sleep" is its costliness. The patient should be carefully watched all the time, and though it may be possible for a doctor to remain in a house in the country, in town the time he would have to give would entail prohibitive fees for all but wealthy women. In a hospital it is difficult to maintain the quiet, restful surroundings conducive to the treatment. No ward can be kept perfectly quiet. The third alternative is a nursing home; and it is in this direction most success seems to have been attained.

In a Yorkshire village the author of a fascinating little book published by Newnes, entitled "Twilight Sleep," opened such a nursing home last April. This doctor writes me that it has been continually full, and a move to a larger building in the next village has become necessary. He claims that his successes have been 98 per cent., and says he has had cases from all parts of the country. He lays stress

on the necessity for carrying on the work enthusiastically. "No half-hearted apostle," he declares, "will get nearly the success that can be got with it. If only the people and the Government would recognise it, this work is of national importance." A mother writes me she cannot speak too highly of this doctor and his treatment, and comments, "The baby seems to benefit quite as much, if not more, than the mother."

Another informant estimates the detrimental effect of the treatment on the children born to be about 1 per cent. These percentages are interesting as coming from different parts of the country. "Twilight sleep" has strong advocates as well as opponents.

What the *Lancet* says

Finally, let us see what is the present opinion of an organ of the medical profession. In the *Lancet* of September 30th last, in a leading article on the treatment, we are told: "The medical profession is admittedly not unanimous on the subject; and the majority, though it happens to include nearly all those with special opportunities for getting at the truth and with special opportunities for turning those opportunities to the best account, may conceivably be mistaken. Some further improvements in technique, in dosage, in control of results may yet remain to be introduced; and the opinions of the sceptics may thereby be modified. But at the present moment it is unquestionably true that the medical profession is not convinced of the safety of 'twilight sleep,' and does not admit that its advocates in the profession have proved their case."

However, women are not likely to renounce the hope of "painless childbirth" having once had it held out to them. They will press for exhaustive research and experiment, longing that "the opinions of the sceptics" may indeed find valid cause for modification. Perhaps—who knows?—the generation of women doctors now training may secure this merciful alleviation for their sisters.





MONICA AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

No. 4 of "The Happy Club"

By GRACE GOLDEN and DOROTHY MARSH

We know not how the road will bend,
But, fearless, vision it as straight,
And, reaching late th' unlooked-for end,
Look back and know the gods are great.

"I'M afraid, Monica, I have something rather unpleasant to tell you."

Mr. Mainwaring helped himself, with a hand that shook slightly, to pepper and salt with his toast and marmalade, and glanced nervously at his daughter as she passed him his last cup of coffee.

Monica looked at him in surprise. It was as unlike her healthy, good-tempered father to show signs of agitation as it was for him to introduce unpleasant subjects of conversation at the breakfast table.

He had not seemed altogether well lately, she remembered. His appetite had fallen off, but then the weather had been trying. Of course, the war had worried people at first, but, to tell the truth, everyone was more or less used to the thought of it now that it had been going on for such a time. And they had no very near relations to be anxious about.

"Something unpleasant, father!" she said in her pretty, well-bred voice. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, the fact is——" her father paused, and gulped down a mouthful of coffee, "the fact is, I have really got practically no money at all."

The truth once out, he stopped attempting to finish his breakfast, and gazed at his daughter with the wide-open, half-terrified stare of a child that expected to be punished for some fault just confessed.

"Father! whatever do you mean? No money! Do you mean you've lost ever some of your complicated shares and things? And can't you get it back?"

Monica had memories of previous occasions on which the wealthy stockbroker had remarked that he was "absolutely ruined," or had "only made half-a-crown in the last three days, my dear," but the results had

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never seemed to make any difference to the well-ordered household. No, there was probably nothing to worry about, and yet her father did look different, and spoke with a funny little tremor in his voice that she had never heard before.

"I mean that I've been living in hopes of worrying through all right, but it's no good. The war broke out at just the very worst time for me. If it had been a week earlier or a week later I could have pulled one or two things off—but there, it's all too complicated to explain. What matters is that, whatever state the Stock Exchange is in when the war is over, it will be too late for me, for I shan't be on it. I'm done for—broke!"

"But you can't really mean you have nothing at all. How are we going to live?"

"I was coming to that. All we've got is the cottage, and although I'm afraid it will be a funny life for you after all this, we shall have to live there and make the best of it."

"But, father"—for the first time Monica permitted a little annoyance to creep into her voice—"if the cottage still belongs to you, why can't you sell that and buy a flat in town with the money? One couldn't live at the cottage all the year round. Devonshire is all right for a few weeks now and then, but what could one *do* there?"

Mr. Mainwaring sighed. It was just this sort of hopeless incomprehension that he had dreaded when he knew the true state of his affairs would have to be revealed to this spoilt and luxurious only child of his.

"Well, as perhaps you don't know," he said patiently, "I gave a hundred for the cottage and land, and could probably sell it again for seventy-five. That would about just pay the rent of a flat in town for six months. And as for there being nothing to do, there will probably instead be rather too much. The bit of land round the cottage will have to be used for something profitable, and then there will be—er—cooking and so on. I suppose you can cook, Monica?"

"Good gracious, father! how should I know? I've never tried. Shouldn't we have any servants?"

"A woman, perhaps, now and then, for rough work, but nobody else at first, as far as I can see." There was no use now mincing matters, Mr. Mainwaring felt. "And, Monica, you know I should get a job in town to keep things going; I've no doubt I could, only all this worry has made one of my

lungs a bit groggy—nothing much, but the doctor says that, failing the Riviera or Switzerland, I must have an open-air life. And as the other things are, of course, out of question, I feel I ought to try what I can get in England." His tone was apologetic, almost appealing, but Monica had no thought to spare for her father just then, being far too busy being sorry for herself. To give up everything she was used to—all the pleasures and comforts that, despite the war, still remained part of her life—what she had pleased to call her "musical career," her golf and other hobbies—it was unthinkable! But the discussion that followed proved to her that not only was it possible but already actual, indisputable fact. Her father, optimistic by nature, had not mentioned the matter to her until all hope of any other solution was finally disposed of. Monica, bitterly rebelling at her fate and inclined to reproach her father, was forced to superintend the dismissal of the staff of servants, the selling of the greater part of the furniture, the plate and the pictures, and the removal of the residue of their belongings to the little five-roomed cottage which Mr. Mainwaring had bought one summer, when a period of extraordinary prosperity had coincided with a mood of enthusiasm for the simple life. She did it all with an air of cool detachment that gave no hint of the raging fires within her. To her friends she talked more or less lightly of war economies, made much of the failure of her father's health, said she herself had had enough of life in London "in these days." But to herself she owned that the pill was a bitter one to swallow.

At first she had not realised how very little could be taken down to Devonshire, and how many of the things she had come to consider necessities of life must inevitably be given up.

"What about the grand piano?" she said to her father one day. "Will there be room for it?"

"My dear child," he answered, with a burst of what she felt to be unfeeling laughter, "I should have to build a special shed for it! And if there is any shed-building done, it will have to be for a cow or a pig or something useful."

"Will you mind so much, Monica?" he went on, his voice changing as he saw no answering shadow of mirth on her gloomy

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face. "You know it seems to me you often don't touch the thing for weeks. You play the violin much more than the piano, and, luckily, a fiddle doesn't take up much room. And, anyway, you'll be out of doors so much that you won't want a lot of indoor hobbies, I'm sure."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least," answered Monica, coldly; "I only asked a question." And she went away with the bitter feeling that not a soul on earth sympathised with her tragedy.

Mr. Mainwaring was, indeed, rather like a boy with a new plaything, in his eager anticipation of the life before him, and amused himself drawing wildly inaccurate diagrams of the land around the cottage, and making plans for its cultivation. He had no sentimental affection for houses or furniture as such, and was prepared to be just as contented with the simple fittings of his little Devonshire home as with the expensive elegance that had so far always surrounded him. But he was not so much wanting in sympathy for her as his daughter believed. Only, as things could not be mended, he felt that it was no use talking more about them. And his own happy temperament led him to believe that, when once she grew accustomed to her new life, Monica would settle down as contentedly as he would himself. In which supposition he was altogether mistaken.



The cottage was three miles from a railway station, five miles from a doctor, and seven from the nearest town in which any shops, other than the genus "general," could be found. The baker, who came twice a week (when the roads were not too bad), would bring anything you wanted if you gave him due notice; but to Monica, used to ringing up any West End shop she wanted at the very shortest notice, this primitive plan seemed hopelessly inadequate. Inconveniences which had the charm of novelty when one was on a short holiday in the summer became unbearable when one had to look forward to them as permanencies.

As Monica dressed herself the first morning after her arrival, life looked very black and hopeless. It had rained in the night, and the water had come in and made a big pool on the floor under the window seat, so that as she went across the room, yawning

lazily, her bare feet were in it before she was aware. And there are few things more disheartening than to step into an unseen puddle straight from one's warm bed, particularly on a rather raw November morning. Poor Monica, as she made futile efforts to mop it up with a towel (which she thereby rendered useless for drying her face), felt that the simple life was ruination to the temper of an ordinary civilised girl like herself. At the bottom of the narrow wooden staircase, which, after hastily dressing, she descended, she stopped short and gave a little moan of absolute despair. Never before in all her life had she had to deal with a house before the servants were about. It had, in truth, not occurred to her that there were things to be done, and the darkness and desolate chilliness hit her like a blow in the face. The day before there had been Mrs. Jayne, a woman from the village, who had always got the cottage ready for them and lighted fires, aired beds, and done all that was necessary. So Monica had not really had to do much beyond unpacking. But now she had to tackle everything single-handed, and when she had groped her way to the door and flung it open, and pulled back the curtains that hung across the little casement windows, she stood and gazed at the work before her without any idea of where to start. Outside there was already a chorus of cheerful country sounds; overhead her father still snored peacefully. Presently he would stop snoring, get up, and come down to breakfast. And she, Monica, had got to set to work to get his breakfast for him—light a fire, heat water, and do, even for the accomplishment of such a simple task as the preparation of one meal, a dozen jobs that she lumped all together as "servants' work." She turned and looked out of the open door and took a deep breath of the sweet Devonshire air, so much warmer and yet fresher than the London variety. And then, rather to her own surprise, she discovered she was hungry. Somehow the thought of hot coffee and fried bacon interested her, attracted her, forced her, in spite of herself, to take steps to make them realities.

By the time Mr. Mainwaring appeared she had got a fire burning somehow, and there was quite a respectable attempt at breakfast on the table. That the remainder of their last night's supper still reposed at the other

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end of the same board, and that one had to pick one's way through a collection of boxes and bags in various stages of emptiness, did not trouble a man of his naturally happy disposition.

"The Devonshire air smells good even in November, doesn't it, my dear?" he remarked cheerfully. "But the coffee and bacon smell better! I do believe I've got a country appetite already. This milk's good, isn't it? Is Mrs. Jayne coming to-day to start you going with things?"

"I don't think she can," answered Monica, at once despondent again, and went on with her breakfast in silence.

Mr. Mainwaring tried at first to keep up a conversation as well as he could, but nothing could dispel the gloom that had returned to his daughter's face, and at last he gave up the attempt as hopeless, and, his meal finished, made off to the garden. Monica, left alone, looked round her, and as she looked her difficulties loomed ahead even more formidable than before. The breakfast must be cleared away and with it last night's supper. The things must be "washed up," an operation she had never in her life attempted; then the cottage itself must be set in order, beds made, and the next meal thought about. Life stretched before her in a series of loathsome domestic details. For even when they had played at the simple life before, they had always brought one maid with them, often two, and things had gone on in all essentials as smoothly as in town. And now Monica herself was responsible for these essentials, for providing food and warmth and other physical comforts so necessary in the chilly winter months.

A sort of dull resentment against her father had, since the incident of the piano, been growing in her mind. Now, in the face of the horrid facts of the new existence to which he had brought her, it seemed likely to grow very quickly indeed. Why had he let ill-luck overtake him? Other people—all their set, in fact—were still living much as usual, except for a few minor economies which they rather enjoyed. Why must she go down to the very depths of discomfort like this!

Finally the discomfort itself drove her to work. She cleared away all the dirty crockery from the living-room into the big kitchen adjoining, emptied the luggage and

cleared it away somewhere—anywhere, washed up a few things, made the beds after a fashion, and then sat down and wrote a long letter to a friend telling her how perfectly horrible everything was. And it was only when Mr. Mainwaring came in after a strenuous morning at his unaccustomed work that she woke up to the fact that there was no dinner to give him, and had to improvise a very scratch meal, of which sardines, bread and warmed-up coffee furnished the largest part. He, however, seemed quite satisfied, and again his cheerfulness annoyed her. Men, she reflected, cared nothing so long as their creature comforts were somehow looked after. What did he know, for instance, of the sorrow it was to her to give up her music? True, she had only practised when she felt inclined, and had no intention of making a serious study of it, but that was nobody's business but her own. Of course, she had brought her violin with her, but without a piano one couldn't do much, and, anyway, what was the good of anything?

She thought ironically of the Happy Club, and wondered if any of the members were as far from being happy now as she was. Some of the men were, she knew, fighting. Lucky men! They had all the fun and all the glory! To them the war might mean something dreadful, but, on the other hand, it might mean, after the breathless excitement of action, a V.C. or a D.S.O., and the cheers and adulation of their fellow men. To her it meant—housework that she hated, the giving up of everything she cared for, and a kitchen-full of saucepans and other oddments that she had no idea how to clean!

"Don't you think you had better see if you can get Mrs. Jayne to come round for an hour or two?" said her father, smoking his pipe in lazy contentment as he watched her struggles; and Monica, although she pretended not to hear the remark, soon after put on her coat and walked the half-mile to that good woman's house. She found her hardly visible through clouds of steam, and was obliged to call over the heads of three or four small children who blocked the doorway.

"Mrs. Jayne, could you possibly come along and do a few things for me presently? I can't get the place straight at all. I'm too—too tired." She honestly believed she

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was, and Mrs. Jayne had not doubts at all on the subject.

"Doant'ee worry now, Missy," she said, in her large, motherly way. "I'll come up along just's soon as I've had a cup of tea. 'Tisn't to be expected you could do things like we, being gentry and all. Billy, come out of the way, wi' yer jammy fingers, or ye'll go messin' up the lady's dress. I'm sorry, Miss, if he's messed ye. I've scarce had time to see to them at all to-day. But I'll be along and give ye an hour 'fore Dick comes home. That'll be all right."

And that was the first of many hours that Mrs. Jayne managed to squeeze out of her already full days to help "the poor young lady up the road."



With the passing of time, life at the cottage settled down into an uneventful round. Mr. Mainwaring indeed seemed to enjoy his open-air life, but to Monica the days passed with monotonous dreariness. She had by this time found it the easier way to hand over to the willing, although already over-worked, Mrs. Jayne almost the entire management of household things. The small, weekly sum, which was all that good woman demanded, her father paid willingly, and it saved trouble as well as making one feel charitable to dispose of odd scraps of food to the ever growing and hungry Jayne family.

Mrs. Jayne did a good deal of the cooking. Mrs. Jayne did all the washing. Mrs. Jayne advised her respectfully on all points. Mrs. Jayne, to tell the truth, ran Mr. Mainwaring's cottage as well as her own, while Monica did what she was absolutely obliged, went for walks, wrote letters to her friends, and brooded night and day over the hardness of her lot.

"There is hardly a soul of one's own class to speak to," she wrote to Lucy Ruddock, the one member of the Happy Club with whom she had struck up a real friendship. "There's the Rector's family, of course, and a few others, but, oh! my dear, so unsophisticated and so 'stuffy.' Wrapped up in their Sunday Schools and Red Cross Societies, which they try to get me to be interested in. Just imagine me teaching in a Sunday School! Dr. Frankland, of Marlock, flies by in his car every now and then. He's a bachelor and looks

passable. If only someone in this forsaken village would be enterprising enough to be ill, I'd have a try at flirting with him. But no such luck."

However, the day after writing this letter, Monica, coming in from a walk, found the doctor's car standing outside the cottage, and Dr. Frankland himself, not only in familiar conversation with her father, but even lending a hand with a refractory young tree that refused to be dug up.

"Here she is," she heard her father say as she went in. "Hi! Monica! here's a visitor."

The doctor had rather a nice smile, she decided, as she shook hands with him, and she smiled back in the whole-hearted, friendly way which could, on occasion, make her face an attractive as well as a pretty one.

"I've just been advising your father," said the doctor, "to have a little more help with this piece of land of his."

"And I've been telling him," chimed in Mr. Mainwaring cheerfully, "that I can't possibly afford it. Hang it all! if a man's a pauper he may as well admit it."

Donald Frankland laughed. "Pauper or not," he said, "there's no sense in knocking yourself up with work you're not used to."

"Come in, both of you," interrupted Monica, "and have some tea instead of wasting time quarrelling."

"Who plays the violin?" asked the doctor eagerly, almost before he got inside the door; and his face lit up with pleasure when Monica admitted that the instrument was hers.

"You must come over to my place," he said enthusiastically. "I love music, but can only play the piano a bit myself. And the local talent about here is a bit—well—amateur." His eyes twinkled, and Monica, thinking of the Rectory party, who sang "Sweet and Low" as a part song (just the tiniest scrap out of tune) on the slightest provocation, looked at him and laughed outright.

After that day the doctor's car flew through the village still more frequently, and nine times out of ten it drew up outside Mr. Mainwaring's cottage on some excuse or another. Quite often it carried off Monica and her father for the evening, violin and all. Mrs. Jayne, clearing up in the kitchen and watching them, would smile wisely to herself and remark that it was a "case, and



"'Billy, come out of the way, wi' yer jammy fingers,
or ye'll go messin' up the lady's dress.'"

Drawn by
Noel Harrison

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no mistake, and very sootable, too, although Miss Monica did be a bit helpless, and that's a fact."

Monica herself was beginning to feel that, after all, life was not an entirely hopeless blank; but she wished Dr. Frankland would not seem at times quite so absorbed in her father's conversation and plans, sometimes even to the exclusion of herself. Often she would have liked to enter on a dissertation concerning her own hard lot, but always she noticed her companion turned the conversation in the direction of her father's difficulties. Then, too, over the music, he was quite dogmatic, would scold her because she did not practise more systematically; and when, with quiet dignity, she pointed out that life was so altered that she had little time for carrying on her own pursuits, he looked at her with almost a quizzical expression in his keen grey eyes. But he said nothing then.

"You seem awfully taken with father," she said one day.

"I am," he answered seriously. "I think he is one of the finest and bravest chaps I have ever met."

"Of course he's a dear," admitted Monica, "but, you know, it's no grief to him to live down here. He can be happy anywhere."

Her tone was slightly disparaging.

"And I think that, too, is a fine quality," said Dr. Frankland steadily, and then changed the conversation.



It was in March that the doctor grew too busy to do anything but fly from one patient to another all over the district. An epidemic of influenza in a severe form broke out, and hardly anyone seemed to escape. Monica and her father both had it slightly, but Mrs. Jayne "managed" for them and came through all right herself, having, as she said, no time to be ill. But the brood of Jayne children were less fortunate. One after another they went down with it, and over Billy-of-the-jammy-fingers Dr. Frankland looked more than a little worried.

"You must be careful with him," he impressed on the anxious mother, when the child was safely over the worst crisis, "Keep him fed up well, and, above all, see that he doesn't run out in the cold. Better keep him in bed than risk pneumonia. You must watch him all the time."

Mrs. Jayne promised, but what could she do when Miss Monica came along a little while later to beg for assistance, everything having gone wrong during the few days Mrs. Jayne had not been able to help her at all, and the kitchen flues having reduced her to despair by getting in some mysterious way stuffed up and filling the cottage with soot and smoke?

"Have ye tried it with the flue brush?" asked Mrs. Jayne absently. "I'd come in a minute, Miss, but I've to keep an eye on Billy, doctor says. Such a young monkey he is, and I'm that busy myself."

It was the first time that Mrs. Jayne had not flown to help her at the slightest appeal, and Monica felt it ungrateful of her, to say the least of it.

"Why! it's only influenza," she said, almost sharply; "there's no danger, you know. Father and I both had it, and were all right in no time. I really don't see how I am to manage otherwise, unless Mrs. Sinnet can come."

That finished it! Mrs. Jayne and Mrs. Sinnet were sworn rivals, and that the latter should have any finger in the cottage pie was too much for Mrs. Jayne. She gave in, tucked Billy up in bed, with the strictest injunctions not to stir, and went with Monica there and then. The flues were a longer job than she expected, and there was also much else to be done, but she left Monica at last in an aired and smokeless cottage to enjoy herself—as much as she allowed herself to enjoy anything nowadays—practising some new music that the doctor had left her.

"Don't bother to come to-morrow, Mrs. Jayne," she called after her graciously. "I shall manage all right."

She did not see Dr. Frankland for two days, and she was conscious that the days were long because of his absence. Then she heard the purr of his car in the distance, and as she listened to hear if it were coming past the cottage, she was astounded to find that her heart was beating queerly and sending a glow of eager colour to her cheeks.

"I don't suppose he's coming here," she said to herself, trying to pretend she did not care if he were not.

But he was. The car drew up, and Dr. Frankland walked straight in without knocking, and stood inside the door, looking at her. His mouth was set sternly and his

MONICA AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

face was pale, so pale that for a moment she wondered if he were ill.

Monica, standing facing him with her heart still beating hard, felt herself turn as pale as he.

"What's the matter?" she asked, in a little, scared voice.

"Did it occur to you," said the doctor, his eyes holding hers as though he would read her very thoughts by the mere strength of his will, "that if you *must* get Mrs. Jayne to do the work you won't take the trouble to do yourself, it was your duty to stay and watch her sick child for her at least? Do you know that Billy was left there by himself, just at the most critical time, to get up and run out-of-doors in his night-clothes and catch his death?"

"What?" whispered Monica, holding on to the back of a chair because she had a queer feeling she might otherwise tumble down. Two things were hammering at her understanding at once, and they seemed of equal importance. Billy Jayne was dead! And Dr. Frankland was saying it was her fault, was speaking to her as though she were anyone—a criminal—some hateful thing. And it hurt!

"How do you suppose people get that 'pneumonia following on influenza' that one so often hears of, if it isn't through catching cold when they're getting over the first illness? What do you think your beastly flues mattered compared with a child's life? Oh, no, you needn't blame Mrs. Jayne for telling me. I made her. She doesn't blame you. You're 'gentry,' and therefore incapable of doing work like an ordinary woman, or of being anything but lazy and selfish. Why, for weeks that poor woman has been making her own rheumatism worse and saying nothing about it, trying to do all your work as well as her own."

"She needn't have," Monica interrupted, catching at a straw. "I paid her."

"Of course you did, and put upon her good nature in a way no money could pay for," his tongue lashed out at her again. "Naturally she tried to please you, because she was afraid, if she could not do as much as you wanted, you would get someone else, and even a little extra a week makes a difference with all those mouths to fill. Do you *ever* think, Monica, of anyone but yourself and your own comfort?"

"Monica!" How dared he? She stared at him in silence, but before she had collected her wits to answer him he was speaking again.

"I suppose it never struck you you could have benefited the Jaynes much better by letting Dick help Mr. Mainwaring while his wife got through her own work? And benefited your father, too. You must see he's overdoing it. I know you can't do absolutely all the rough work, but it's nonsense to pretend you couldn't do most of it. You've got brains, you're healthy and strong, and yet you can't do anything properly. Look at your music, you won't practise at that. It's just potter, potter, potter, and just now every ounce of work we are capable of is wanted by our country, and every little Jayne that succeeds in growing up is gain to England. Your father is doing his bit. Why don't you do yours?"

"Why don't you?" demanded Monica, without any idea of what she was saying.

"It's fairly obvious that, as I'm the only doctor here now, where there used to be five, I'm not exactly idle," said Frankland dryly. "And I might tell you, although it's not worth arguing about, that I went through South Africa, and came out pretty well crocked up; that's why I took a quiet country practice." His lip curled. "Do you think otherwise I'd still have been down here? But we were speaking about you and what you have done and are doing. That's what I've come to ask?"

"And by what right do you ask it?" Monica heard herself saying, in a voice that seemed to belong to some outsider.

"Because I love you," said the doctor in a low, very steady voice, and spread out both his hands at his sides with a little helpless gesture.

"You, you——" began Monica, and then suddenly all her self-control gave way. She sank down upon the chair beside her, and, her head upon the kitchen table, burst into a storm of tears.

"Don't, don't!" cried Donald Frankland, at her side in an instant. "I ought not to have said so much. I didn't mean it."

"But Billy—Billy's dead," sobbed Monica.

"Good Lord, no!" shouted the doctor. "I never said so. I've been up with him two nights, and I'm half-dead for want of

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sleep, but he's turned the corner now. We'll pull him through yet."

Monica's tears stopped as quickly as they had begun.

She got up, pushing him from her unseeingly, and hatless, coatless, made for the door. She was out of it and rushing up the road before the weary man could collect his senses. Then he made after her as quickly as he could.

"Where are you going?" he called after her retreating figure.

The girl turned and looked at him a moment.

"I'm going to help pull Billy Jayne through," she said decisively. "You go back and tell father I'll be home to tea. And don't you dare to speak to me again until I tell you to."

And the doctor, feeling that his tired brain could grasp no more, went back obediently.

It was more than a week before he saw Monica again. But then one day, when he had been paying a final visit to Billy Jayne, she suddenly appeared out of the back kitchen of the little cottage and caught him up in the narrow lane, at the end of which his car was waiting.

"I wanted to tell you," she began bravely, in spite of the tiresome beating of her heart,

"that the things you said were true. No, don't contradict, they were; and, on the whole, I'm glad you said them. And I'm not going to let them be true any longer—except the bit about the brains! The things Mrs. Jayne has been telling you—I heard her—about my marvellous powers are not true, of course, but I have learnt to clean and tidy a cottage all by myself, and to wash and dress and feed several small Jaynes, and do a bit of cooking, and amuse a little boy who's ill. And what's more—I hate telling you, but I shall have to before I get square—I actually enjoy it! Did you ever hear of such low taste?" For the first time she smiled. "And I may as well own up to the bitter end. Weeks ago I suspected myself of taking an interest in father's work and watching the trees and plants and things begin to sprout. I believe I was meant for a country girl after all. And I love those," she ended, pointing to the primroses that covered the banks and lined the ditches.

"Bless Billy Jayne!" said the doctor inconsequently; and there was something in his eyes that made her turn hers away.

The lane was empty except for themselves and the primroses. Perhaps, somewhere, unseen and unheard, there lurked among the budding trees the Spirit of Spring. But is she not always the friend of lovers?



MY DREAM-BABY DREAM

By DORA M. HEPNER

OH, the dreams I dream as I sew this seam,
And the hopes I fold into the hem!
I would that each stitch were a fairy witch
With the magic for granting them!
I softly croon a lullaby tune, a lullaby tune,
And dream of my dream-baby's face,
As the buttons go in a tiny row,
Or I whip on an edge of lace.
Ah, the dream-baby dream keeps me sewing each seam
With a love that is wonderful—new,
My hopeful heart sings o'er these dear, dainty things
Till my dream-baby dream comes true!

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

No. 4 of "What the War has Meant to Me"

Here is another life-story, chosen from the hundreds that have been sent in by my readers.
A cheque for Five Guineas has been sent to the writer.

I SCARCELY know how to write this. I cannot give financial details of existence like the brave little woman of the first article of this series, whose story has urged me to give my own experience, merely to show what can be done against Fate if you only fight hard and strong enough, focusing all your strength in one direction, and with unswerving trust in God.

A Romantic Marriage

I made a most romantic marriage about five years ago. I engaged my future husband by letter to sing at a charity concert, knowing only by hearsay that he was a most promising young singer. He came, and it was love at first sight on both sides, and in three days we were engaged.

He had the most exquisite beauty I have ever seen yet—of a very manly type—and he was verily "gifted of the gods" in every way.

There still survives on the West Coast of Scotland a type of pure Spanish Hildago beauty, both in men and women.

Tall, lithe, with finely shaped head, raven curling hair, wonderful skin and features, and deep lustrous mystical eyes, you may meet one of these men or women, and wonder who they are that seem but to have strayed here.

Our marriage was not happiness, it was ecstasy. We were mates he and I. I, too, was a singer, and we married on youth, strength, and his brilliant prospects as a musician. I used even then to think that such happiness was too good to last, but we both had the firmest belief in the eternity of such love, and I have never seen anyone with less fear of death than he had.

We used to talk often of how we would live long lives and work together to the end, and he used to tell me how his love would be the same "when his curly head was as white as it was then black."

H— became the pupil of a famous teacher of singing, who predicted for him the highest success of all.

We toured together abroad. Everywhere it was the same—he caused a furore—they raved over his beauty and his musicianship.

We could not save money, but we knew that, if spared our health, we could most surely not merely save, but earn riches. On these H— set no store, save for my sake, and he had a wish always to be able to help young and gifted singers who had had to struggle as he had once done.

So we lived and worked—and loved; life was heaven.

A child came. At the time we were not glad. All our heart was in our work, but oh how we grew to love it, and I can even now see the tall figure and radiant face of H— as he used to bend over his little son and murmur, "My weenie son—my darling little son."

Just before war broke out he went to the States to fulfil contracts.

I stayed over in this country to nurse my mother, who was slowly dying. I used to mark the calendar every day that brought his return nearer.

When War Broke Out

War broke out, and shortly afterwards my mother died.

My husband fretted at being away and his country in the throes, and threatened to come home and enlist.

I do not pretend that I was brave then. I felt that if he went to Flanders, if he was not killed, the damp and cold would touch his lungs, as he had had inflammation of the lungs before. No; I dreaded lest he should go, but I would never have held him back.

All engagements in the States were cancelled. Many musicians in New York were practically starving. I sent him out his

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passage money, as my mother had left me a little money. I prayed God every night to take care of him. I never felt alone, as his spiritual presence seemed always beside me. My husband cabled to me that he was coming, and soon I had a letter saying that he had booked on the *New York*, and that there was to be a big dinner-party in his honour the night before he sailed.

A few days later I had a brief note full of love and boyish excitement, telling me we had been separated so long that every day counted, so he had changed to the *Lusitania*, as she would arrive one day sooner than the *New York*, though both boats were to leave dock the same day.

He told me to count the days till Saturday, May 8th. I laughed and tore up the letter. I sang, I played with the kiddie, I bought a big coloured ball for daddie and baby to kick on the green at the back. I read the German warnings about the *Lusitania*, but disbelieved them all.

On the Friday I wired to Liverpool, and at one o'clock received a reply from the Cunard Company—" *Lusitania* not reported yet. Will wire later."

I put red roses in H—'s dressing-room—his supper was arranged. I was merely waiting for his telegram in the morning.

In the morning? Little I dreamed I was to be face to face in an hour or two with my share in one of the most terrible murders in the history of wars. Face to face with horror and despair beyond tears, and flung suddenly between my little baby and utter poverty. Over this I draw a veil. I cannot write it. . . . He was not among the saved, nor was his body found. . . . It does no good to put one's soul's agony into words, but I remember my one agonising prayer was, Oh that I had been there to have died with him! I could not see then that anything mattered, save that had we been together death would have been nothing to either of us.

The Critical Hour

I made up my mind to take my own life quite quietly. My mother's illness required the strongest and most poisonous drugs, and lots of these were still in the bedroom. "Very wicked," I hear some remark, but in such moments one may question whether we balance between right and wrong. Others who have suffered like

this know that there is a limit beyond which the brain refuses to work normally. One does and says things obediently only to overpowering agony of body and mind.

I had prayed God to take care of him, and *this* was His answer! That fact overpowered me.

I hated God. I felt betrayed.

Then I was to realise that God was still guiding my life. I was alone in my bedroom, with one of those medicine bottles uncorked in my hand. Oblivion—anything for oblivion. Through the open window came my wee son's voice in the garden calling, "I want mummie! I want mummie!" in such a piteous, wailing voice. It was so strange, so utterly strange. Who had made him show his need of me at that very moment? Surely this was God's answer. I was all he had left between him and the world, and without me he might starve.

That child's cry saved me.

It made me think again. I began to wonder what I must do. Unless we are old we rarely die of grief. We have to face the vista of many years before us.

Facing Life

I had not enough private income to provide us with either food or clothes. I had enough capital to live on for a year or so, but there was none I could depend on for assistance.

I had close relations, but they too were earning their own livings. I have a very proud nature, and like to be my own master. I must work. . . . I prayed God to show me the way. I prayed Him also to let me have the comfort of that spiritual presence back beside me. It came, and has never left me since. I am not mad, I am very, very sane; but beside me is always that lonely face and figure of my beloved, because of whom "I shall go softly all my days."

I had some fine furniture, and, as I said before, a tiny capital I could touch. I am well born, and had been brought up in more than comfort, even actual luxury, but capital had been run through, and I would be dependent on my own earnings. How was I to earn enough to make it worth while? To live with any semblance of comfort in the place that had known me all my life? To educate my little son as a

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

gentleman? I was not suited for a typist. I was not very strong physically, not fit for munition or heavy work. Shattered by memories, I could not sing.

I am not very young. I am not old. To some the way out is re-marriage, but when marriage has been ecstasy one dreads a lesser happiness, and I knew then, as I know now, love may keep you safe till eternity.

I loved everything artistic. I had a keen sense of colour; I knew by instinct when lines and draperies were right. I had centuries of old French blood in my veins. I loved to dress my child unlike other children. Why not turn this to account and become a children's dress artist?

I must do something, and do it well or give up, as I have not the mind to be contented with small things.

Making a Start

I decided to start work in my own town, where everyone knows me, and where I could, at least, count on understanding and sympathy, but I knew quite well it was all or nothing. People will not buy unless you have the goods to offer, and my friends were mostly rich people, who cared only for the best. I moved into a smaller house, and two of my relations paid the rent of it for me. I furnished and decorated a big, handsome room in a central position in the town, and wrote and told all my friends what I was going to do. I went away into the country for a month, and thought out all my plans. I had a very clever little nurse, who refused to leave me, and together we started to cut out and design and embroider quantities of pretty and artistic things. We literally worked ourselves to the bone. I hunted out designers and artists, and advertised for sewers, and gradually got a stock together. I sent to London for things to show my work to the best advantage. I put coloured lights and case-mint curtains in my studio, and decided to make the whole thing striking and original.

Many a night I dropped on my knees at the table where I was cutting out things, just from absolute exhaustion, but in the piles of lovely garments I got my reward. I did children's things, and some lingerie and blouses, and three months after my darling's awful death I opened the studio, not know-

ing what success would attend it. I did not advertise, I wrote to everyone, and I have never advertised at all.

I had spent all the capital I had available, so I determined to run the place strictly cash. I knew if they found my work good people would be willing to pay me cash. I opened with £2 change in my cash-box. My little nurse, in artistic dress, to help sell, and one girl in a tiny workroom next door.

We were simply overwhelmed with the success of our venture. People came, saw and liked the novelty of the lonely room, with its cushions and colours and flowers and lights and all the multi-coloured embroideries, etc. In a few months I was simply swamped with work. People seemed to spread the news everywhere, and far from having to advertise, we had to take and execute orders in strict rotation. Orders flow in now. I have moved into much bigger quarters on the same lines. I employ many people, and I see the result of my labours and how God has taken care of us through it all.

Success at Last

I work very hard—often till midnight—but work is indeed the only salvation. I realise very truly that "Underneath are the everlasting big arms." I realise the untold goodness of humanity, for I have seen it on every side. I live to bring up my little son to be as good and pure as my other drowned darling, and to have the same belief in God and the eternity of love.

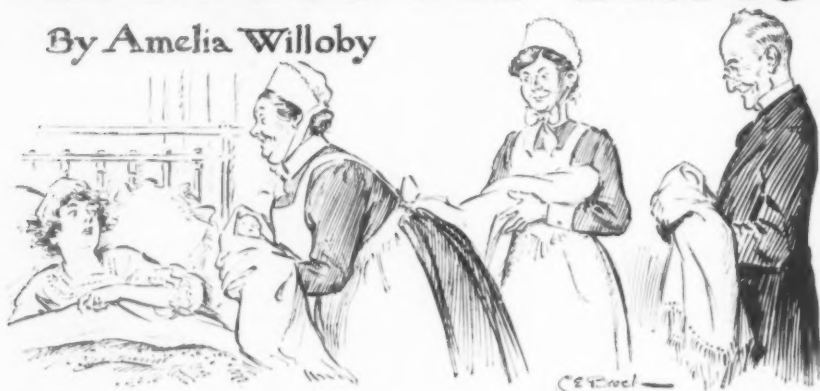
I pity those who cannot work. Their lot is indeed cruel. I realise when I look at my baby that I am not altogether bereft. That there under my eyes is still my beloved. That, as the years go on, I shall watch him pass from childhood to manhood and become more and more his image.

There are his eyes, his mouth, his head and body—all in miniature, but just as beautiful, and, pray God, the same sweet, strong soul!

Is this not one of the great marvels of the earth? "He being dead yet liveth"—meant for the consolation of the war-bereaved. I venture to think because of my great love I have suffered as deeply by the war as anyone could, yet out of the war I have learnt my lessons—of trust and this—"A little child shall lead them."

Cradles for Three

By Amelia Willoby



DID you ever wake up from the "Twilight Sleep," and see a fat, starched grinning nurse standing by you with an interesting-looking bundle on one capable arm, and watch her stoop over you and tenderly snuggle the bundle down beside you? and then reach around to another nurse who edged into view, and take from her capable arm another bundle, soft and white like the first, and see her thump another little hollow on the other side of you? and then, oh, horror of horrors! behold her spin briskly around and from the arm of the doctor lift a third bundle exactly like the other two, and have her put *that*, with a businesslike air, beside the second one? You haven't? Then you don't know what a real sensation is.

"You needn't mind bringing *all* the babies," I gasped weakly. "I'll be satisfied with just any one of them."

The two nurses ecstatically bobbed their caps at each other, and the doctor put forth one hand and felt my pulse, murmuring soothingly, "They are all yours, madam—triplets—you have the honour——"

I tore my hand away from him, disengaged the other from the mess of covers and babies and began to feebly wave them and shriek. The nurses swooped simultaneously for the babies, and the doctor forced me firmly back to my pillow, saying, "Calm yourself, madam, this is needless—this is——"

I calmed. "Where is my husband?"

I demanded. "And you can just bring those babies back, too."

Back the babies were brought. Again I was surrounded with them. I raised myself up on one elbow and took a good, long look at one. My, but it was little and wriggly and red! Then I squirmed over on the other side and surveyed the other two. Also little and wriggly and red. I might have known something like this would happen! I had always been famous for the unusual. And to think of that lovely hand-made trousseau for Frederick Dillford, jun.!

"What are they?" I demanded of the interested spectators still gathered at my bedside. "Boys?"

"Girls!" solemnly announced the trio in concert.

I sank weakly down in that trio of babies and closed my eyes. I had to shut out the world for a few minutes and flounder around in the depths for something to sustain me in this cataclysm that had overtaken me. Shades of my ancestors!

Just then a familiar hand closed over one of mine. "Well, girlic, how goes it? Do you like 'em?"

My eyes snapped open. I fairly glared at my husband. Then I glared at the babies. And then I felt a grin spreading all over my face. The haunted look on Fred's face broke up like the sun shining out in a hopeless heaven. He laughed and he laughed and he laughed, until he had to bury his face in the bedclothes. Then one of the nurses

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deemed it necessary to remove him, which she speedily did, and closed the door behind him. They doubtless thought us both a wee bit touched. No wonder poor Fred had hysterics. Think of the ordeal it must have been to him! Think of the bulletins that had been issued to him at intervals!

My troubles began at once. The nurses seemed to have an idea that I wasn't partial to triplets, and they tried tactfully to remove them and keep only one on duty at intervals. But the more I thought of it the more I liked the idea. Triplets weren't so bad, I argued. No disgrace anyway. Nothing to be kept under a bushel. I might as well get used to living with them first as last. I didn't realise until I left the hospital, though, that I was becoming as well advertised as Hagenbeck's circus, and that when on parade I would attract as much attention. As my retinue issued forth from the hospital, I think every nurse who wasn't at the bedside of a patient so inconsiderate as to die at that inopportune moment, had her head out of the window. I know the cooks let the dinner burn up, because I smelt it. When we climbed out of the motor at our own home—two nurses, each carrying a baby, while my sister Jane bore the third, with Fred and me heading the procession—I saw a schoolgirl clutch another one coming along and exclaim excitedly, "Oh, look, Belle, there's the Dillford triplets! They've just got home from the hospital. See!" I realised then that never again would I know peaceful obscurity. I was now the famous mother of triplets! I wasn't weak and hysterical by any means, but I sat down in the first chair I came to in the hall and began to cry. "Fred! I'll never dare venture into public with them. I'd be mobbed to death. Whatever shall we do with them?"

"Well, honey, it isn't any joke to be the fond parents of three-in-a-bunch, but maybe we'll weather it in time. We'll take 'em out in relays or else do all our travelling by night."

My sudden fame was bad enough, but it wasn't a patch on what I had to live through when our doting relatives and friends began to arrive. Mother and father were wintering in the South of France, and had evidently expired when they got our telegram, because not a word had I heard from them yet. Sister Jane had seen me through the siege

as she had many another, and was apparently not surprised at the outcome. Fred's mother had sprained her ankle, and was unable to come to the hospital, but as soon as I got home next door to her, she put a crutch under each plump arm and hobbled over.

"For mercy's sake, Rose," she puffed, as she kissed me on one ear in her excitement, "show them to me quick. You certainly got me in a pretty fix making me the grandmother of triplets. I thanked heaven I was shut up with a sprained ankle. I never could have stood the din everybody made. Perfectly sickening! Gracious goodness, Rose, how little they are!" Somehow everybody evidently expected to see three ten-pounders! It made me huffy.

Next came Fred's sister Josephine. "Whatever will you name them!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I reckon I can scrape up enough names to go round," I answered acidly, "but they won't be Milly, Tilly, and Willy or Rose, Violet, and Lily, like Fred wants."



They are going to be some good old-fashioned names and not a rhyme anywhere. And I'm going to name them in my own good time."

And all the while I was afraid I'd weaken and name them just what Fred wanted, even if it was Asia, America, and Australia. He had been my only stay and comfort in the trial. He had been so perfectly decent about it all. It wasn't any picnic for him, either. I don't know how he ever bore up under it

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down at the office. He said he sent down a boxful of cigars, and stayed away the first three days. We certainly did have an awful time. Our house was like a museum for the first six weeks. I think the community never will get really used to having triplets in its midst.

But to go back to naming them. Jane said I might as well get it over before she left, and name them after her and the two grandmothers. But Jane, Janet, and Jeanne didn't appeal to me. I didn't hanker after names so much alike that I couldn't tell them apart any better than I could tell the triplets themselves. For they were fearfully and amazingly alike. One was a little more bow-legged than the other two, one had a big mole in the middle of her back, and the third had a red spot on her chest, but it was only at bathing time that these differences became apparent. Two of them had blue eyes and one had brown, but as they slept all the time, that didn't help matters a mite.

But finally it got monotonous calling them "this one," "that one," and "the other one," when on intimate terms with them, and Fred and I determined to give them names. So one night we decided on Muriel, Enid, and Judith. But in the light of the cold grey dawn, when they were all squalling dismally for breakfast at the same time, and we could hear the two nurses shuffling about in the nursery heating bottles for two, while I stilled the third with the nourishment Nature meant for her, the names didn't seem fitting. "Judith isn't so inappropriate," yawned Fred, "but we'd better change Enid and Muriel to Salome and Jezebel. That one you've got is going to be a dancer all right. Look at her kick."

Mother finally came to and wrote to us—I was going to say a letter of congratulation,

But it wasn't. It was of condolence, like all the rest. One would have thought having triplets the worst calamity that could befall a woman. Mother said she didn't see what I'd do with them. She suggested that I name them Faith, Hope, and Charity. But she sent me a box of the loveliest baby clothes, so I forgave her. Frederick Dillford, jun.'s, clothes would hardly go round, and I had begun to look into the future and wonder how we'd ever dress them on Fred's salary when they grew up.

One day I thought it would be a pleasing little attention, and perhaps help towards their retention as trusted servants, if we named the triplets after the cook and the two nurses. But Fred said Alice, Marie, and Olga would be born to battle as the sparks fly upward, and he yearned for peace in his old age. So once more the poor waifs were nameless.

After Jane went home the inevitable happened. Alice, the cook, gave warning at noon, and flounced out of the back door by night. She said she was too tired o' cookin' for a Frenchy and a Roosian who wanted their meals at all hours, ma'am, and nothin' cooked to suit 'em. And the Roosian had lived from the first under protest with Marie, so now she seized the chance to go, and forth she went. With Olga to prod her on, Marie appeared useful, but without that guiding star, she could no more take care of three babies



They were fearfully and amazingly alike.

than I could. When I wasn't weeping, she was. I couldn't cook and take care of three infants all at the same time, and Marie couldn't do either at any time.

At the end of three days' chaos, I was just planning to dismiss her when I thought me of Aunt Anne. Aunt Anne was father's sister who had disgraced the

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family by marrying a farmer and living happily ever after. A thaw set in between the two families when I was seven years old and nearly died of scarlet fever, and she gave my father a piece of her mind and decamped with me to the farm, where she cuddled and fed and dosed me into a more respectable specimen of humanity. Then, afterwards, it was dear Aunt Anne who nursed me through all my various ailments, who gave me all the spankings I ever got, who prepared the whole menu for my coming-out party, and cooked it too, who braced me through that awful wedding morning when I was ready to weep, I was so dead tired, and who most assuredly would have seen me through the triplets' birthday if she had not been similarly engaged herself. But it was Aunt Anne's tenth youngling and a mere episode in her life. I knew she wouldn't hesitate a moment to clap a bottle into its mouth, and leave it for its eldest sister to rear during her absence, if I needed her. I had only to hail her. It took me about three minutes to ring up the near-by hamlet where she lived, and pour out my woes to her over the telephone wires.

"Sure, I'll come, honey. Be there to-night. Lor', yes, I'm all right, and the baby doing fine——"

Just then "central" rang off. But she was coming, and further conversation superfluous, and costly, anyway. My spirits mounted like the wings of the morning. Fred met her at the station, and when I heard her flat, capable feet tramping up my garden path, I flew to the door and prepared to fall upon her ample bosom. But she held me off with a kiss. "For mercy's sake, don't wake her up, Rosie. She's had the colic all day, and I don't propose to sit up all night with her."

"Aunt Anne, you didn't bring the baby!" I gasped.

"Bring her? Of course I brought her. What did you expect me to do with her? Hope you don't think I feed her on a bottle? Thank fortune I haven't got down to that yet with none o' mine."

"How will we ever take care of four babies, Aunt Anne?" I quavered.

"Why, mercy me! child, I wouldn't know how to take care of less, and do the cookin' besides, to say nothin' of milkin' the cow. Here, untie these bonnet strings, will you?"

Do not think this little by-play of words was held at ease on the threshold of the front door. Aunt Anne, at the moment she waved me off, had walked calmly, and by



Aunt Anne could cook with one hand
and look after quadruplets with the other

instinct, straight to my chamber, deposited her sleeping infant in the middle of my bed, shed three layers of outer garments and folded them over the back of a chair, peeled off her thick gloves, and now poked out her firm motherly chin for me to untie a refractory knot in her battered old automobile bonnet. I threw the bonnet across the room and flung my arms round her neck. "Oh, Auntie, it was so good of you to come! I've been having an awful time, and I just came to the conclusion I'd die if you didn't come and straighten things out for me."

"There, there, dearie, I was glad to come. It'll be a real holiday. Sam and the children can get along without me for a couple of weeks. But now show me those babies——"

I took her into the nursery and awaited

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the usual comments. "Well, now, ain't they the cutest things! Bless their hearts! And all girls! Such a comfort as girls are! And as plump as squirrels! Ain't you proud of 'em?"

Again I grabbed Aunt Anne and squeezed her hard. "Oh, you are such a comfort! Everybody else thinks them a catastrophe. You are the very first one to say a decent word about them."

"Why, honey, triplets must be fine. I never even had twins. Now, what did you name 'em?"

"We haven't named them yet," I answered meekly.

"Not named 'em? Mercy sakes, Rose, we'll do it first thing in the morning. Haven't got brains enough to squabble about it to-night. Now come and see Cora Edith May before I put her in bed. Everybody took a hand at naming her, the children were just so proud of their new little sister."

The next day was just one pean of joy. Aunt Anne could cook with one hand and take care of quadruplets with the other. Marie seemed to feel renewed inspiration in the air, and rose to the occasion accordingly. She knew how to be a nurse, only she didn't seem to think it worth while. But Aunt Anne soon goaded her into activity, and she didn't dare shirk any of her duties or Aunt Anne would have finished her career.

One morning at the breakfast table Aunt Anne announced: "I named the triplets this morning while I was dressing. I tucked my girl in with yours and then I named 'em. The one in with Cora Edith May is Rose because she looks like her mother." I gasped in my coffee cup, but Aunt didn't deign to notice. "The other two are Anne and Juliet. I never did have a namesake and here's my chance. I had picked out Juliet to name my last, but she was all duly labelled by the children before I got out of bed."

Fred rose with enthusiasm. "Those names are all right, Aunt Anne. Come and show us which is t'other."

But when we got to the nursery, not an eye would open and she couldn't locate Rose. Fred and I retreated to finish break-

fast. The rest of the day Aunt Anne was too busy disciplining Marie, and cooking for a badly starved family, to get the names straightened out. But when the last dish was put away at night, and she had scribbled a note to an impoverished widow of her acquaintance setting forth the advantages of being cook in the Dillford household, she announced firmly: "The brown-eyed one is Rose, and to-morrow I'm going to examine the blue-eyed ones and see which is Anne and which is Juliet."

Although the next day was Saturday and, I knew, a day dedicated to cooking, Aunt Anne suspended operations to seize the hour when all eyes were open wide, and mouths too, demanding breakfast.

"There! The brown-eyed one is the one you nurse, you minx, you. Why didn't you say so? Now Anne and Juliet, what's the difference between you?" She held an infant on each arm and surveyed them carefully. Both were bald, blue-eyed and squalling for their bottles. "Why, this one's got a dimple in her chin. She's Juliet. And to-morrow they're going to be christened before we all lose our minds. You might as well make your arrangements, while I fly around and make some cakes and get up a dinner."

Fly around we all did, and the next afternoon saw the christening of the famous triplets.

The hastily gathered assemblage consisted mostly of fond relatives. The minister arrived at the last moment, having been detained at somebody's bedside, and the babies had given up and gone to sleep. The babies were hastily gathered up and shaken into partial wakefulness, and the ceremony proceeded. It went off beautifully and impressively, we thought. Then Aunt Anne happened to stroll over to the window with her favourite, and the awful discovery was made that her precious Anne Cravens had brown eyes! There was a hasty comparison, and it was found, alas! that the former Anne was now Juliet Du Laney, while Miss Dimple-in-her-chin was Rose Crawford. They may be able to straighten themselves out some day, but while in swaddling clothes they remain the same baffling mystery.



Conversation Corner

Conducted by The Editor



War-Time Babies

I AM ready, at the outset of our chat this month, to apologise for the untimeliness of "babies" during the Great War. With horrors on sea and land, with the darkness of the streets and midnight alarms from the air, with exploding munition factories and warnings of the increasing scarcity of food, frankly this is not the best of times for bringing children into the world. Our Lord, speaking of the impending horrors of the fall of Jerusalem, uttered the solemn warning, "Woe unto them that are with child in those days." It is not to be wondered at that many modern parents, not lacking in love for children, view the situation in the same light, and deem war-time not the best time for facing the perils of parenthood.



The Mother Heart of Nature

YET the children come. Beatrice Tilly, in her article on "War-Time Babies," notes how, in spite of disadvantages and dangers, the new arrivals have come, and are apparently none the worse for war-time conditions. Nature has a wonderfully tender mother heart—or shall we say with the Psalmist that God "gently leads those that are with young"? It is some measure of comfort in times trying enough to one's faith, when devastation and destruction seem to have full sway, to realise God's care for the weak and innocent babes that represent the hope of the race.



Coming to Its Own

IF the present is not the happiest of times for babycraft, it is very certain that in the near future it will come to its own. We live in a time of lightning campaigns and national appeals. After the cry for soldiers, the call for munitioners; following this the demand is for labourers on the soil; economy of food is enjoined, and

this is accompanied by a campaign for money. It is difficult enough to prophesy about the future, but about one thing we may be reasonably certain—after the war there will be a big cry for "more babies." This will be a new aspect of the "man-power" problem, and I have no doubt at all that soon we shall have appeals for increasing the population urged with all the force and patriotism that have inspired the War Loan and other campaigns. The State will need more babies—a great many more.



Mr. Lloyd George and Babies

UNDER the circumstances, I think I will leave it to more eloquent and more responsible men to urge the wisdom and patriotism of large families: I can imagine the force and imagination that Mr. Lloyd George will put into his national call to parents, and the energy and persistence with which Mr. Bonar Law will tour the country on behalf of infant welfare!



What the State Must Do

IN all seriousness, however, the State will have to recognise the importance of parenthood a great deal more earnestly in the future. It is all very well to offer a bribe of thirty shillings to a poor mother, and an abatement of three pounds or so to the middle-class father, as an inducement to have more children. In the old feudal days a large family was a source not only of comfort, but of strength to the parent; to-day every child means a more or less serious handicap, financially and economically.

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The Income Tax

WHEN the State officially recognises that more babies are necessary to its future existence it will take energetic measures to do away with this handicap—or at least to lessen it. For instance, the income tax—a very serious item in our financial lives for the next twenty years—will be tempered much more equitably to the fathers of families; infant welfare centres and baby clinics will be much more universally applied, and better managed—not merely for the poorest classes, but for all. We shall do away with the anomaly of the best doctors and nurses gratuitously striving to prolong the lives of weaklings that ought never to have been born, whilst the healthy-born children of struggling middle-class parents can fend for themselves. Motherhood will be recognised as a "profession," and have the best encouragement of the State.



Official Help

SPEAKING of State encouragement, it is very interesting to observe that in the United States the Government has taken the matter up, and established at Washington a Bureau which aims at helping the mother and housewife in a variety of ways. Some of the leading magazines devote space monthly to explaining just what help their readers can get from this Bureau. It is certainly a novel idea to write to the Government about your child's food or teething, but the official help is by no means limited to this. For instance, I read that the Government has published a paper on health and exercise; also that it "will send you, for a two-cent stamp, a practical paper on cake and cake-making, with recipes." What future scope for the activities of Mr. Lloyd George!

Twilight Sleep



TURNING in another direction, Miss Barnard's careful and cautious article on "Twilight Sleep" will be read with sympathetic interest. When science has accomplished such marvels, who can say what the future has not in store for us?

The Eternal Fascination

PERHAPS I ought not to have descended to the practical in this little talk; I would rather just have rhapsodised about the eternal fascination of the child. In spite of the difficulties and expense there never will be people lacking the heart to risk their all for the sake of a little child. And when you get to know the child yourself you realise anew every time that he, with his simplicity, his vivacity, his eternal freshness, is worth it all. Jesus, when He wanted to teach those old-time disciples, "set a child in their midst." We will also follow the Royal example, for the child is the hope of the nation and the hope of the world.



Easter

MY April issue will be an Easter number. One of the leading items will be an article on "The World's Greatest Tombs." Starting from that little plot of land that Abraham

The Boaster

By JANE BURR

You may flaunt your silks and laces,
Gowns and crowns in noble places;
I can boast but simple blisses—
Hearth and babes and lover's kisses;
But if humble eyes can see—
You would like to change with me!

bought for Sarah his wife, and going on to the tomb from which Christ arose, it will also deal with those other graves, out in France and Flanders, where lie interred those youths of ours of eternal memory. The article is fully illustrated, including photographs of the soldiers' graves at the back of the fighting line.



The Future of the Public-House

THE same issue will include a topical article dealing with the "Future of the Public-House." Of course, I should like to hope that by the time this can appear the whole drink problem will be solved—for the duration of the war—by prohibition. Failing that, a "plea for State purchase" will at least put before us some of the issues involved, and perhaps allow me an opportunity of having a say on one of the most vitally important problems of the day.

The Editor

"TREASURE OUR SONS"

The Spirit Voices of Hook's Hill

By DENIS CRANE

WHEN the bluff North Sea breezes blow around Hook's Hill they echo—so it is said—the prayers of dead sailors and dead soldiers, who died to save the freedom of the Seas. One can hear them best under the moon, when all living voices are still; for the spirits of heroes find their repose in supplication, by night as well as by day.

Hook's Hill is marked on no map. It appears in no list of "Principal Eminences." Its claims to glory are—for the moment—modest. I doubt if it has ever previously figured in the pages of a first-class magazine.

Yet thousands of people have trampled it, gazing out on the wide waters—blue and sparkling in the summer sun, grey and foam-flecked under the lowering skies of winter. A plot of land upon its summit has been given in perpetuity by a generous townsman for visitors like these. Sometimes they sit a moment on the disfigured bench that records the gift. Then they descend and straightway forget its name. For them the Hill is only one of the minor "natural features" of Sheringham, away up there on the shoulder of the Norfolk coast.

Forty Fatherless Sons

But the spirits of the dead know it, and this is why. On the broad bosom of it, towards the sea, nestle snugly forty of their sons, made in their image, after their likeness; forty sons who are fatherless because their fathers were brave and loved their country; and some of them motherless too. When, in the daytime, they play in the garden, and at night lie sleeping in their cots, their fathers' spirits, drawn by deathless affection from battlefield and thick sea mists, brood over them and supplicate Heaven and earth on their behalf.

And this is the burden of their supplication:

"Father of Jesus Christ, hear a father's prayer. Thy Son died for us—we died for

our children, and, like Him, for children yet unborn. Visit not our sins upon them, but keep them in Thy way, that the frail virtues that languished in us may in them be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

And to that prayer they add this, addressed to you and me, and to all of our nationality:

"People of England! In life we asked no charity, and in death we ask none. We shall be content with justice. Our bodies lie cold in the sea, or cold in the land of the stranger; but we died gladly and repent not our death. Only—nurture our little ones, treasure our sons."

A Dreamer

Come into the garden and watch that little fellow playing by himself beside the privet hedge.

A quiet child, slow in his movements, and dawdling even in his play, he has the dreamy disposition that stirs a mother's solicitude rather than a father's hopes. As the other boys hustle him in their boisterous play, he is slow to defend himself, but the quick smile betokens a heart void of malice.

"Would you like to help to plant these daisies, Johnny?"

No answer; the boy is nervous.

"Come along, we'll show you how."

Johnny's face at once lights up and his nervousness is overcome. He is all eagerness to learn.

"Run and get that basket, then, and pick out all these stones."

All his shyness disappears, and in a few seconds he is fully bearing out the character officially ascribed to him: "An intelligent and good little scholar, with a happy disposition, eager to learn, always wanting to help."

Why is Johnny here?

Two years ago, in a southern suburb of London, Johnny, who was then five, played

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with his baby brother in a garden of their own. The mother could not play much, she was faint and pale; but every day there were shouts and romps when Dad came home. But even Dad was not as gay as he used to be, for an anxious shadow hung on his brow.

Then, one morning, there was great confusion. Johnny learnt that he had a baby sister, and that his father had to go to the war. His joy in the one event was considerably modified by his sorrow at the other; but childhood soon accommodates itself, and things settled down again. His Dad came home one day in a soldier's coat, said good-bye, and went away again.

The months passed swiftly, and by the time his little sister could run about and join in his play, nurse announced the arrival of another playmate, this time a boy. So now there were four of them, merry enough in their games, but always asking—"Mum, when will Dad be home?"

The Telegraph Boy's Message

Johnny always liked the postmen and telegraph boys until one day a lad brought a little orange envelope that made his mother cry and cry. Then he knew that his father, who had gone away to France proudly with three stripes on his arm, was dead; and after that all was confusion again, and trouble, and scarcity, and he crept away into a corner sometimes, and began to cry too.

That is how Johnny became a "War Orphan." His mother, highly respectable and hard-working, was left with four children—one of them a babe in arms—and received from a grateful country for the loss of her lover and bread-winner, a sturdy young sergeant of thirty, the munificent sum of 23s. 6d. a week, out of which to pay rent, clothe herself and her little ones, pay doctors' bills, provide holidays, and generally "keep her end up." Her children's necessities demanded that she should go out to work, but the children themselves were unable to help. It was a happy circumstance that Johnny's mother was able to get him and his little brother Ajax into the National Children's Home, and especially into this beautiful Sheringham branch, where the salt sea-breezes are already bringing new colour into their cheeks.

Ajax—as surely befits the name!—is a

boy of a different type. Although three years younger, he is full of innocent mischief and displays a determination worthy of a man. "With firm and careful training," says the official report, "he shows every prospect of becoming a fine child." We can reckon it to these boys' credit, that of their four uncles and two aunts the former are all in the Army, while of the latter, one is a hospital nurse.

A better knowledge of child psychology has taught us, these more recent times, to hail with satisfaction—provided they can be wisely directed and controlled—qualities in children that our fathers attributed to "original sin."

A Popular Youngster

Yonder eleven-year-old youngster, who is in the thick of every game, comes under this category, though the trouble with him is nothing more serious than an impulsiveness which leads him to act first and think last—not an uncommon failing even among the "best" children.

Freddie, in fact, is a very lovable boy, popular with all the inmates of the house. There is no suspicion of vice in him—only an intensely ardent temperament, as a result of which he is always "up to something," and the more daring and adventuresome the better. He is of the stuff that British tars are made of.

A chip of the old block evidently, for in point of fact Freddie's father perished in the bleak North Sea. In a gale his trawler struck a mine, and he and his brave ship-mates went down—down—down.

"Have you any news of my boy, Jack?"
Not this tide.
"When d'you think that he'll come back?"
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

"Oh, dear, what comfort shall I find?"
None this tide.
Nor any tide.
Except he didn't shame his kind,
Not even with that wind blowing and that tide."

Fred has an only brother of fifteen, who remains with his mother, but a weekly income of £1 1s. and no father to guide into channels of industry and duty those impulsive energies of his did not promise well for this ménage. So Fred also came to the bosom of Hook's Hill.

Other cases there are here, which, though the father is still alive, amidst shot and shell,

"TREASURE OUR SONS"

are hardly less desperate. Take this, for instance, of the three brothers X., of twelve, ten, and seven respectively. Nice lads they appear, and on the whole strong and healthy. They are described as "good average boys." What exploits in our island story have been wrought by such!

Under the wholesome influences of this Home—of which an experienced visitor has said, "I know nothing, among all our splendid philanthropic establishments, less like an 'institution,' and more like an ideal British home"—these "average" qualities will, it is hoped, be nursed to an ascending value.

But without Hook's Hill under what a handicap! Father at the front and in peril of death, and mother dead; and the little fellows, before they came here, in the work-house.

What was He to do?

Again, there are these two playing by the gate. Their father, a driver in the A.S.C., was daily expecting to proceed to the front when his wife took ill. Thrice he was transferred from one draft to a later one, in the hope that she might recover. Alas! further extension was impossible, and on the very eve of his departure she died, leaving on his hands these two lads of eight and six and a tiny infant in arms.

What was he to do? Was ever patriot in sorrier plight! "It is the most touching case I have ever heard," said a clergyman who knows the family. "The father was heartbroken, and he is a most genuine and fine fellow. To add to his troubles his own father has had a stroke." A foster-mother was found for the baby, and the two boys came to Hook's Hill.

The man's gratitude is profound. Think of fighting, and of living the life of a troglodyte in trenches full of mud, with your wife newly laid in her grave and your children left to the mercies of the world!

"I cannot thank you enough for receiving my boys," he writes, "and shall always feel that I owe you an eternal debt." As for the youngsters, sorrow sits lightly on youthful hearts, and the ripple of their laughter and the lusty vigour of their cries tells its own tale.

But to-night, when the forty are tucked up snugly in their cots in the spotless dormitories, we will steal indoors to gaze on three young faces that, until they came here, had looked on little but shame and sorrow. It seems more fitting that we should see them sleeping.

A year ago the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children brought to the notice of the National Children's Home the nine children of a soldier on active service who were in grave moral peril. The father is himself a man of good character, but the mother, besides being unfit to have the custody of children, was at that time serving a term of three years' detention in an Inebriates' Home.

It was a large order to receive nine children at once into an institution that deals with these delicate organisms, not as "goods," to be received one day and the next turned over to someone else, but as spiritual entities requiring individual and discriminating care; but the circumstances were so sad, and so exceptional, and the Home's sense of public duty so strong, that the whole family was received, the five girls and one of the boys being sent to the Frodsham Branch, and these three "sleeping beauties" to the Home in Norfolk.

In no case here is there a stain on any father's escutcheon. So if it be true—and who should doubt it?—that the hero's love and courage live again in the heart of his child, how wise a national policy, how humane a Christian duty, to hearken to the spirit voices of Hook's Hill—"Nurture our little ones, treasure our sons."



"Dad came home one day and said good-bye."

Drawn by
Gregor Evans



WAR-TIME SPRING-CLEANING

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THIS year's spring-cleaning is going to be rather more than usually difficult for two reasons. First, because those of us who were accustomed to engage outside help will find that char-women are few and far between, and secondly, many housewives whose modest staff formerly consisted of one maid are now running their homes entirely themselves, and this in addition to devoting much of their time to assisting others.

An Abbreviated Programme

In numbers of houses the spring-cleaning of pre-war days will not be attempted, and indeed will not be necessary, for with the increasing expenses and difficulties in connection with domestic help we have sought to lessen the work of upkeep in every possible way. I do not think that our homes are less artistic and attractive because, in many cases, useless and not always even decorative ornaments have been put away. In my own and many of my friends' houses this simplifying has extended further than the removal of china and silver, and we have packed up delicate cushion covers and other such dainty frivolities which depend on their scrupulous cleanliness and freshness to be attractive. Early in the war we came to the conclusion that, unless constantly renewed, these "trimmings," crushed and soiled, were only depressing, and in their stead we put less fragile accessories which

are more comfortable and better suited to the present situation.

The fortnightly cleaning, which is the usual routine in most houses, ought, if thorough, to keep all rooms in a wholesome state, but it does not prevent the first rays of spring sunshine revealing the havoc wrought by winter fogs and coal fires. Paint which looked quite passably white suddenly acquires a greyish tinge and finger-marks seem to spring up all over door edges. Curtains hang limply and look positively grimy, and the general effect of the house is depressing in the extreme. In these days none of us can cope with extra depression, and however urgent our war-work may be, the home must be rendered healthy and cheerful.

Beforehand Preparations

Whatever may have been the previous methods employed I think this year, at any rate, it will be advisable not to attempt to clean the whole house through in the wonted sequence. One never knows from day to day, almost from hour to hour, what may happen, and to have one's man arrive home on leave to find the house in a state of upheaval would be simply too dreadful for words. One room at a time, then, and that completely finished off in every detail before another is commenced. With this system it is advisable to make as many preparations in advance as are possible. The

WAR-TIME SPRING-CLEANING

curtains and any other draperies should be taken down and thoroughly shaken and dispatched to laundry or cleaner's a full week ahead, so that they are all ready to be rehung as soon as the cleaning is accomplished. It is so cheering and satisfactory to be able to add the final touches as soon as the hard work is finished, and to view the completed results of one's labours.

How to Spring-clean a Room

As I have already mentioned, this year's spring-cleaning will to many of us be our "maiden" effort, and a few suggestions as to the most economical way of procedure may not be amiss.

Presuming that the curtains, bed draperies and toilet mats have already been washed, and the carpet (if any) shaken, the first thing to do is to clear the room as completely as possible. Pictures must be lifted from the walls, the backs and frames brushed with a dusting brush, and the glass washed and carefully dried so that no moisture can penetrate between the glass and the picture. Wooden frames can be polished with furniture cream and a soft duster, enamel washed with cold water, and gilt gently brushed with a very soft brush. All china and glass should be carried down to the bath room and thoroughly washed in hot soapy or soda water. Chairs and other small pieces of furniture should be first dusted, and any carving or ornamentations brushed before they are polished. Remember that in all polishing "elbow-grease" is far more effective and lasting than furniture cream or beeswax and turpentine. In fact, when one is the lucky possessor of old mahogany or oak, the wood should not be touched with cream or polish at all, but simply cleansed by being carefully wiped over with a cloth dipped in lukewarm water and polished with an old handkerchief and plenty of "elbow-grease."

As each piece of furniture is cleaned it should be carried into another room. The beds must be stripped, blankets, mattresses and eiderdowns beaten out-of-doors, and the bedsteads cleaned. The soiled linen baskets need thorough scrubbing and drying in the fresh spring air. I need hardly mention that spring cleaning on a fine day and spring cleaning on a wet day are as different as the proverbial chalk and cheese; so even if you have to wait a little while,

postpone the cleaning until the sunshine smiles upon your efforts and materially assists your labours.

The wardrobe must be moved out into the room so that the dust can be brushed from the back and top. Do be very careful not to strain any part of the body trying to lift heavy furniture. Even the heaviest wardrobes can be moved by dexterously sliding first one side and then another, but an internal strain will not only stop all work in the immediate future, but may have far more lasting and disastrous after-effects. All the furniture that has to remain in the room should be cleaned and then swathed in dust-sheets; the final polishing is given when the rest of the cleaning has been completed.

Walls and Paint

The room having been cleared as much as possible, the actual walls, etc., must be attacked. Commence with the ceiling and brush every bit of it (paying particular attention to the corners) with a soft ceiling brush fastened to a bamboo handle. For the walls tie a clean duster over the bristles of a soft sweeping brush and systematically brush down from the ceiling to floor.

Next comes the paint. If this has an enamelled surface no soap or soda must be used, for these will destroy the polish. A soft rag dipped in cold water will remove all but the most persistent blemishes, and paraffin can be used as a last resource. For paint use warm water in which a little good soap powder has been dissolved. Dry at once, otherwise the paint will look smeary. After the paint, the windows, using a leather, and a soft duster for the final polish.

There now only remain the floor, which is scrubbed in the usual way, and the large pieces of furniture, which need polishing. Unless the room is very large, and the paint and windows take a long time to clean, the rough work (ending with the floor scrubbing) should be accomplished by one o'clock. The floor, which should not be walked over while still damp, will then have an hour in which to dry. If, however, all the work cannot be completed by this time, it is best to leave the windows until after the mid-day meal. Four o'clock should find the polishing finished, and one more hour should suffice for restoring the room to its normal condition.

THE QUIVER

Spring-cleaning Meals

A hearty breakfast is, undoubtedly, the best foundation for a day's hard work, especially as many women cannot eat much in the middle of the day when continuing their labours into the afternoon. My personal experience has taught me "little and often" is better than "much and at long intervals," and that it is advisable to make a short break middle-morning and afternoon for light refreshment. It is very essential that the food should be sustaining and easily digested, and with the "one-room-at-a-time" method meals can easily be arranged in advance with a minimum of trouble whilst the spring-cleaning is in progress.

A Specimen Schedule

Here is a specimen schedule for a day's food.

Breakfast: Bacon or dried haddock, tea, toast, marmalade.

11 o'clock: Cup of cocoa, biscuits, and cream cheese. Soup can be substituted if cocoa is considered too heavy.

1.30: Meat and vegetables cooked together in a casserole (Irish stew, haricots mutton, or some such fresh-made dish that can be prepared the day before and reheated in the oven), stewed fruit.

4 o'clock: Tea, bread and butter, jam or plain cake.

Supper: At the end of the day some light nourishing food is necessary, and a cup of good soup followed by an egg dish will be found better than a heavier meal. Fish is, of course, excellent, but involves more cooking. The cream cheese suggested for a middle-morning "snack" has proved very satisfactory, being more easily digested than the harder varieties of cheese, which are not wholesome if hurriedly consumed and imperfectly masticated. Grated cheese placed between slices of bread and butter also offers a solution of the difficulty.



THE LONDON LOCK HOSPITAL

THE London Lock Hospital was founded just after the Jacobite rising in 1746, and since that time has practically borne the burden of the treatment of venereal diseases in the whole of England and Wales. It is the only institution of its kind with a hospital and home combined, and a great feature is made of "after care" of the patients who are treated in its wards. Every endeavour is made to give treatment of the distressing cases who present themselves, and to ameliorate their moral condition.

One of the many distressing cases treated of late is that of a young Belgian refugee, a victim of the rapine and pillage of the German invasion.

It will be remembered that the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases made its report not long since, and an active campaign is to be inaugurated with the object of stamping out venereal diseases.

It is not easy to appeal publicly for work of this description, yet those knowing best the extent of this appalling evil in our midst know how absolutely necessary is work like that done by the Lock Hospital.

After making allowance for the "Grant-in-aid" to be received at the end of this year, under the New Venereal Diseases Scheme, £9,000 will be

required to be raised in 1917 from voluntary sources to maintain the charity; and an urgent appeal is being made for this.



BABY CARRIAGES

WE have received an illu rated catalogue of those splendid Baby Carriages known as the Sturgis and Trippa Folding Baby Cars. That the danger of injury from a faulty go-cart is very real is strikingly proved by the fact that in the course of a single month the Medical Officer for Slindon attributed sixty-two cases of spinal curvature simply to the use of such carts. A mother may feel absolutely safe in sending her baby out in a Sturgis or a Trippa, for these Baby Cars are scientifically constructed with a special view to the comfort and healthy development of the tender spine and limbs.

Nor is this the only advantage. Both the Trippa and the Sturgis are so made as to be easily adapted from the sitting-up to the lying position, or vice versa, without disturbing the child. When not in use the Cars will fold up into a very small space. Lastly, their prices are very moderate. Altogether, we feel sure that any reader who is thinking of buying a Baby Carriage could not do better than invest in one of these.

Diploma

Spring Shoes

IT is not too early to think about your Spring footwear. Here are two charming styles, and it would be advisable for you to see your bootseller about them right away and have him put them on order. They can only be obtained in dependable Diploma quality.



D 17

A Nigger Glace Kid Derby Shoe, with medium pointed toe and Cuban heel.



D 15

A Black Glace Kid Cromwell Shoe, with black buckle.

Booklet of other styles and name of nearest agent post free from

NORVIC SHOE CO.
(Howlett & White, Ltd.),
NORWICH.



Read this Mother's Grateful Testimony

Carmex Turned her Baby's Tears to Smiles.

Mrs. F. F.—, when asking for a trial bottle of Carmex, said that her baby suffered such agonies from indigestion and wind that nothing but brandy would relieve her. A fortnight later this happy mother writes: "I cannot speak too highly of 'CARMEX'; it is splendid. My baby was always crying before she had it, and now she never cries, and she is cutting her eye teeth into the bargain, so that she asks for itself. I shall recommend it whenever I get the chance, as I can speak from experience."

If your baby cries continually you may be practically sure that he is suffering from indigestion or an allied complaint. You can bring him certain and permanent relief by giving "CARMEX"—a soothing, palatable, creamy emulsion which relieves pain by removing the cause of it.

CARMEX has superseded teething powders and soothing syrups, etc., because, whilst it contains the best of the ingredients of the old-fashioned remedies, its unique value is in a pure medicinal white oil which acts as a lubricant for the digestive organs, thus bringing them into good condition, remedying constipation and acting as a corrective against flatulence, colic, etc.

Carmex

Turns Baby's Tears to Smiles

Obtainable from most chemists. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Carmex, send us Postal Order for 1/3 and your usual chemist's name and address. When we will send you a full-size bottle most free. Write for Booklet A.D. It will be sent gladly and post free to everyone who has the welfare of a baby at heart.

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"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR."

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The Editor cordially recommends you to link up with the NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME—a star of hope to thousands of imperilled little ones—by sending him a gift for the furtherance of its beneficial and patriotic work.



FIRST REASON WHY.

While their father was fighting for his country and their mother out at work, two children of tender years were the other day suffocated in a fire that destroyed their home.

The NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME prevents tragedies like this by caring for the soldier's children during his absence. If he falls it provides them with a permanent home, amid healthful surroundings, where they are nurtured and educated without the taint of "charity."

N.B.—At Sheringham it has opened a magnificent Branch exclusively for the convalescent sons of Service men. It has been described as a "Children's Paradise."

Please send a gift, however small, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., or write for full particulars to

THE PRINCIPAL (Rev. W. Hodson Smith),

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OF
HEALTH

HER MOTHER SAYS

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HOW little it costs, if we give it a thought,
 To make happy some heart each day!
 Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
 As we go on our daily way.
 Perchance a look will suffice to clear
 The cloud from a neighbour's face;
 And the press of a hand in sympathy,
 A sorrowful tear efface.



The Hills and Valleys of Life

THERE is a very sweet, precious little sermon in those words—*hills and valleys*. Stand here and look away upon the pleasant landscape. The still valley with the music of its laughing brook, the flowered bank and bending trees that hang their branches down to kiss the stream. Then on either side the meadows where the cattle stand in the luxuriant growth of pasture; and then the gentle slopes on which the flocks wander. Above, the steep hill rises, where the cottage is screened by the trees and about it the grey olives or the vineyards, adding to the beauty. And upward the hill stretches to where the fir-trees grow amongst the heaped-up boulders, until the hard ridge-line seems close against the deep blue sky. What makes the beauty? The happy combination. If there had been no hills, there had been no valleys; if there had been no valleys, there had been no hills. So is it in the land which ye go to possess. The hills, so hard to climb, that make you sigh and wonder why they are sent—they make the glad and fruitful valleys. If life were all one dead level every pleasure would grow wearisome; the dull sameness of life would oppress us. We want the hills

and valleys. The steep climb shows us the landscape that we could never have seen otherwise. The little annoyances and vexations make the pleasant things fresh in their pleasantness. Only he who has tasted the bitterness of sorrow for sin can taste and see how gracious the Lord is. The beauty, the blessedness, the pleasure of our life is more dependent than we can ever know on the hills of life. The land whither thou goest is a land of hills and valleys.—REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.



You will be Missed

"Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."—I. Samuel xx. 18.

THE point that Jonathan made was that David was expected to be in his place. If his seat was empty he would be missed. If it is true that "every man's life is a plan of God," there are places we are expected to occupy and there is work we are expected to do. God expects every man to be in his place. You will be missed if your seat is empty! How many empty seats there are in this world—places prepared for men who never came to take them. It startles us to think of this. God has arranged some work for me to do, and I have never put my hand to the doing of it. Does the work still wait, or must another do it?—E. W. WORK, D.D.



TAKE the good which God gives you and know how to use it.—GUSTI.

THE QUIVER

Asleep at the Switch

NOW and then an accident occurs on a railway which has only one explanation—a signalman somewhere was asleep and failed at the proper moment to guide the wheels of the oncoming train to a safe siding or, having set the switch in favour of a previous train, dropped into slumber and failed to change the lever when an express approached.

It too often happens in life that some person on whom great responsibilities rest fails at a critical juncture to do just that thing which is needed to turn events into the path of successful achievement. There are many events which are pivotal, for on them swing the issues which facilitate or arrest progress. Life, metaphorically speaking, is full of cross-overs, frogs, and derailling devices, all of which require constant attention if trains of thought and car-loads of valuable freight are to run swiftly and safely to their proper destinations. Only by the constant vigilance of those who serve as track-walkers, signalmen, etc., can accidents be avoided.

As moral factors in the world we have constantly power to divert the thoughts and energies of our fellow men from good to evil, or vice versa. Often they will take a cue from our example, and be influenced for better or for worse by some word of counsel, if we are only wise or alert enough to offer it. If, at such a critical juncture, we are mentally or morally drowsy, un-awake just then to the possibilities of action—in other words, if we are asleep at the switch, the results may be disastrous.

In the course of history many a man, sleeping in the post of duty, has let a chance for remarkable moral achievement go by him, or, by failing to give warning from the signal-box, has caused the wreck of many souls. "Watchful waiting" is the phrase to which many meanings have been attached, but it is certainly worthy of approval when it denotes a steady alertness to moral opportunities as they occur. On the great trunk line of life passengers and trainmen alike must keep awake, for sloth and success have nothing in common. —REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, Ph.D.



I KNOW that never a day has gleamed but has not made glad one breast, that never after frost a spring has come but has not brought one song to the world.—KINFEL.

Told by the Tongue

THE tongue is an unruly member; it says either too little or too much. When silence would be golden it often wags indiscriminately; and when words of praise would encourage some weary, despondent soul the tongue too often halts for utterance.

"Speak well of your friend; of your enemy say nothing," is a motto which guides but few, when, in confidential intercourse with a neighbour or acquaintance, the character of an absent one becomes the target for praise or blame. Yet praise cannot be meted out too freely, since those traits in our friend which we admire become, by our laudation, more apparent to others, and often serve as a source of emulation to them.

We love our friends. We rejoice in their prosperity, we sorrow at their failures and defeats. We are glad to lend a helping hand, to speak an encouraging, helpful word, and whenever we can to extol their virtues.

But our enemy—what of him? We cannot praise him, it is true, but we need not censure. We can shut our lips firmly and hold our peace. Although he may be our enemy he is someone's friend; someone loves and respects him; and to speak ill of a person behind his back is a coward's privilege. If we say nothing we shall then have nothing to be sorry for when the deeds of the day stand up in judgment against us.

Men and women who rule their lives by this motto soon have no enemies; for by continually striving to be peacemakers and to look for virtues instead of faults, they begin to see that everyone with whom they come in contact has something about him which merits praise; and by continually dwelling upon these qualities the unlovely ones gradually begin to disappear.

If, on the other hand, by some unwise chance we happen to raise up an enemy, do not let us bruit our opinion of him to the world. A man's friends are his safeguards; his bulwarks against temptation; his refuge in times of trouble. Of his friends a man always finds it easy to speak words of praise, and when they pass on, to eulogise their memory. But let the condemnation of one who may perhaps have done us some grievous wrong be the condemnation of silence. Silence is often eloquent, but it leaves behind no sting.—HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

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BRITISH





*The Corner,
March, 1917*

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,—Immediately before writing these notes for you I was going through the subscription list for the last quarter, and also studying the contents of two closely-packed letter boxes. It has been a fine tonic. As I write I am joyous because of your growing sense of comradeship in our L.Y.B.C., and through your increasing interest in our united efforts for little children. I am giving the printers just as many of your letters as I think they can squeeze into our Pages, to speak for themselves, and shall keep much of what I have to say to you until next month.

The Things that Bind the Empire Together

Those of you who know your "Water Babies" will remember the paragraph in which Kingsley reminds us that "The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see." In a current weekly the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, tells of an Australian soldier who remarked, "We have not come to fight for you, but for *what you and we have in common*." Will you just keep together those suggestive thoughts, and think your own thoughts from them? I want you to realise that in our League we are standing for the great fundamental principles of love, knowledge, brotherhood

The League of Young British Citizens

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE QUIVER"
COMPANIONSHIP

Motto :

**"For God and the Empire: By Love Serving
One Another"**

Object :

**The cultivation personally, and the extension in
all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizen-
ship, and of love and service for our Empire**

and service; that they—those principles—are included in the thought of the Australian, and that they are among the strong invisible bonds which *must* unite the peoples of our Empire and of the world if that Kingdom for which we look is to be. But beyond those suggestions, remember that just as the human body is composed of many, many tiny individual cells, each enormously important to the whole, each affected by the condition of each other cell, so is our life as a nation, as an Empire, made up of the individual boys and girls, men and women; and nothing that affects one is unimportant to the rest. In a book which I am reading with interest at the moment, a writer of to-day says: "The State is a physical body prepared for the soul of a race," and he adds that we must be concerned not only with the body but with the soul—and "civilisations are externalisations of the soul and character of races. They are majestic or mean according to the treasure of beauty, imagination, will, and thought laid up in the soul of the people."

Why Every One of You Counts Tremendously

That will remind you of what we have said before, that every true thought, every action of love and beauty on the part of any boy or girl—though he or she *seems* so unimportant—is vital, and is helping the world "to climb to His feet." That is why I welcome so gladly every one who

THE QUIVER

comes into our League. Membership of it may seem a trifling matter. But, inasmuch as unity is strength, and makes for the strengthening of our individual beliefs, it is important, and together we can do things that otherwise are impossible. Because of this we want hundreds of new members all over the Empire.

A Challenge from the North

Just at the moment of sending these Pages to press comes a challenge. I will tell you more next month. But two of our members in the North wrote that they were arranging an entertainment "in aid of the orphans of sailors and soldiers who have fallen in this war," and that the proceeds were to come to our Fund. I thought—when I read the invitation notice—that means we must go forward in the New Year. And now I have news that £8 10s. is coming to me from that effort. This is a challenge to new work, isn't it? What are we to do about this?

Now for letters.

A Letter from David

"DEAR ALISON.—Just a line or two to let you know that I am living. I am in the best of health just now. I had Mr. Bruce to see me the other day, who said that you wrote to the Home asking for me. I was so glad to hear that when he mentioned it. Also he took five or six snapshots of me. I was hoping they were not spoiled. It has been a very long time since I wrote to you. It must be over three years now. Then, when I was moved from there, I lost your address. I wrote two or three letters to you, and at the last part of the year I received a nice handkerchief from you. Now first of all I will tell you about my place. I like it fine. The people are good to me. Also, I am getting to be a big farmer, and can do many things. It is wonderful how different they do things in B— country than up at H—. Up there you have to do everything by hand, but here the horses do most of the hard work. We are having it a little like winter now. It was snowing hard on Saturday; the day before I was out ploughing. It was blowing hard; it was a cold job, too. I am working on a fifty-acre farm; it grows good stuff. There is hardly a stone on it. We built a new silo this summer and half-filled it with corn for the cows. Please excuse my writing, I am not a very good fellow on that job. The ink got frozen, and it is no good. We live four miles from town. The church is right there. I go to Sunday School every time, it is only a quarter of a mile away from here. I think I must ring off for this time. Hoping to hear from you again soon.—I remain, yours truly, DAVID MORRISON."

By the way, this is the earliest opportunity I have had for thanking all of you who sent me greetings for Christmas and the New Year. It was interesting to note the number of cards that had been made by their senders, and several were particularly nice and

effective. I am so glad always of your remembrances, and reciprocate all your good wishes.

News from New Friends and Old

Here is a note from Derbyshire:

"Please may I join the L.Y.B.C.? I was twelve on the 5th of last September. This is the first month I have taken THE QUIVER, only we have had several volumes of it from the library. My name is Alice Helena Graves, but ever since I can remember I have been called 'Judy,' though I have not the faintest idea why. What a lot of members you have in the Colonies! We have a parrot, two dogs, and a guinea-pig: the parrot is a South African, grey with a red tail—she is extremely clever. The dogs are both retrievers: Gyp, the smaller dog, is my brother's—she is about eight or nine. Her fur is getting quite white; it went white a year or two ago, but when my brother came back after five years' absence in Ceylon, it went black again; then he went to the front, and her fur has again gone white. She has the most beautiful brown eyes. Rover is a much larger dog; we are taking care of him for someone who has joined the army. The guinea-pig is mine: he is two years old and is called Albert. You will wonder why I called him that, but I am an admirer of King Albert of the Belgians, so he had to be called Albert."

We welcome "JUDY," and I hope she will tell us more about her interesting pets.

CLARA and BERTHA MILLAR (Ireland, ages 11 and 10) have sent me their new coupons and gifts for the Violet Fund as well.

"I join the L.Y.B.C. along with my sister, and hope it will prosper and increase its membership until your family will be too large for you to attend to without an assistant," says Bertha.

That is a big wish, which I hope may be fulfilled—it is on the way towards it! Clara and Bertha write with such clearness and regularity that almost make me decide to do "copies" from their letters!

IRENE and FLORENCE FAIR (Scotland) sent in two "recruits" as a New Year's gift for us. They are two of their school chums, and we gladly welcome them into our Companionship; LIZZIE BELL ELLIOT (age 13) and ISABELLA SMART ELLIOT (age 10). I am hoping soon to have letters from these new Companions. Congratulations on your "recruiting" success, girls!

CONSTANCE BARRY (S. Africa) sent me two cosy vests, and she will receive a special "Foreign" competition prize, for excellent work.

"I was pleased to see how well Philip is getting on," she remarks. "His report was splendid, and by all accounts he seems a dear little fellow."

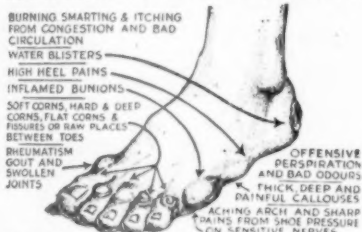
"I have just been reading what Carlyle said of days, in the January Corner. I like it, Alison,"

THE QUIVER

HOW SOLDIERS CURE SORE, TENDER FEET, CORNS, BUNIONS, CHILBLAINS, ETC., IN THE TRENCHES.

Corporal Thos. S. Wilburn, of the R.A.M.C., also tells what to do for feet that Ache, Burn, Smart, Swell and Blister.

Medic men tell us corns, callouses, bunions, chilblains, etc., are simply indications of tissue injury to which the feet are susceptible, due to their distance from the heart and consequent defective blood circulation through shoe pressure and great strain. In my case I found that various adverbial powders, ointments, etc., only increased the torture, but simply placing the feet in a hot foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of common *Revel bath* will always afford instant relief and a permanent cure. It was one day while resting my legs in hot, salted water to reduce rheumatic swelling, pain, and stiffness that I discovered the re-



SORE FEET, TIRED FEET ANY KIND OF BAD FEET

markable effects upon foot troubles. Even the worst corns soften and come right out, root and all, leaving only a small hole that soon closes. You just sit and feel the medicated and oxygenated water drawing all the pain and puffiness out of the feet while soothing irritated nerves. It stimulates the circulation and immediately disperses the blood congestion, which alone causes chilblains. It also clears the pores, and renders the skin active, healthy, and free from offensive odour or effects of acid perspiration, thus banishing any sort of bad foot trouble for all time. The ordinary *Revel bath* saltwater can be obtained at slight cost from your chemist, and a half-penny packet is a most welcome present for your friend in the trenches. I know, from the competition here for packets I receive occasionally.

THE SHOE OF SERVICE FOR OUTDOOR LADIES.

WIFE

Brogue Buckle shoe. Always smart and stylish for Town or Country.

20/-

Cash paid in U.K.

IT IS A SHOE THAT'S SURE TO SATISFY THE WEARER

Splendidly made from Best Black or Tan Leathers. Walking Hole. Cuban Heel. All Sizes and Fittings.

Send for the shoe without foot and P.M. Bank notes free.

A. T. HOGG (No. 180, STRATHMORE, TIFE.

The Pioneer and Leader of the "Boots by Post" Trade.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.



The First Law of Nature.

AT the slightest suggestion of personal danger, or even when our attention is suddenly challenged in any way, we instinctively raise our eyebrows in order to give full play to the most informing and protective of all our senses.

It is a defensive act dictated by that first law of nature—self preservation, and so instinctive in us all that it occurs in individuals born blind, to whom, alas, it can never have been of service.

To put children to bed in the dark is virtually to blindfold them, and it is usually this flouting of nature in one of her strongest moods that turns a mole-hill of fear into a mountain of terror.

Therefore, use Night Lights, and use the best.

Price's Night Lights

93 AWARDS

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILDS'.

The Nursery favourites (Small Light): to burn in a saucer containing water.

SENTINEL.

(Give a slightly Smaller Light still). Very handy, requiring neither water nor special receptacle to burn in.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

For Large Light and the Heating of Food Warmers, Vaporisers, &c.



Employed in conjunction with CLARKE'S NURSERY LAMP. "Pyramid" Night Lights diffuse a soft and agreeable light, and at the same time keep infants' and invalids' food warm and palatable for eight hours.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE QUIVER

Young Life Strengthened Old Life Lengthened

BY THE USE OF

ROBINSON'S 'patent' BARLEY

as a Diluent of Milk
for Bottle Fed Babies

AND

ROBINSON'S 'patent' GROATS

for Weaned Babies,
Invalids and the Aged.

Send for FREE BOOKLET, "Advice to Mothers,"

Dept. Q.M., KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., LONDON.



By
Royal
Appointment.

LINEN by Post.

Robinson & Cleaver's famous Irish Linens are still offered at manufacturers' direct prices, and may be purchased through the post with every confidence. Should any article prove unsatisfactory, it will be willingly exchanged or money refunded. Good linen lasts well and keeps its colour.

TABLE LINEN.

1 linen Damask table cloth, size 24 by 2 yds., 8 11, 11 9, 13 9; 24 by 21 yds., 11 1 14 10, 17 3; 24 by 2 yds., 13 4, 17 6, 20 8; 24 by 21 yds., 12 2, 23 11; 24 by 2 yds., 22, 25 6, 28 each. 1 linen Damask table napkins to match, size 24 by 24 ins., 12 8, 16 3, 19 7 per doz.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' pure linen Handkerchiefs, hem-stitched, narrow hem. Per doz., 7 5. Ladies' pure linen Handkerchiefs, hem-stitched, narrow hem, with monogram in any two letters, hand-embroidered. Per doz., 8 6. Gentlemen's pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs. Per doz., 7 11.

Illustrated
Linen
Catalogue
sent
post free
on request.

Buy
Linen
Direct.

Robinson & Cleaver

366 Dorset Street
BELFAST

LONDON

LIVERPOOL



TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

No form of bathing accomplishes such perfect cleanliness as the combined HOT-AIR and VAPOR BATH. It not only cleanses the outer surface, but also opens the pores, eliminates impure matters, and stimulates a healthful flow of life's principle—the blood, clears the skin, recuperates the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, and creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength. Physicians recommend it for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, etc.

Our Patent Folding Cabinet embraces every desirable feature and possesses several exclusive advantages, such as—**Absolutely Safe Outside Heater; Heat Regulator; Exit is easy and immediate—no assistant required.**

Write for "BATH BOOK," No. 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. 171 New Bond Street, London, W.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

writes a London Companion. "I do wish our League every success for 1917, and lots of new Companions."

HUGH C. MILLER (age 15) is a welcome new member in Co. Durham. I shall be looking for a letter before long.

A Breezy Naval Letter

You would all like to read through an interesting letter I have received from one of our members who is a lieutenant in H.M. Navy. But I must print parts of it only:

"I am very glad," he writes, "to hear that David Morrison is doing so well. I have just arrived back after seven days' leave, which I enjoyed very much, and expect to be leaving England soon again. Yes, we will all be glad when this war is over, but we must have victory over our enemies first, and I think it is certain that we shall. . . . I will try and get the book you write about, as I am sure it is very nice. I am delighted to have your letter, and I hope you will write often to me, as I was feeling rather lonely, but your letter cheered me up a lot. We get very good food in the navy, and we very rarely get a bad cook. The last cook we had was splendid, only he was a bit careless about making soup, as very often cockroaches and beetles dropped into the pot: and he didn't seem to mind a bit. But then we always feel hungry, so it doesn't matter so much. . . . When the war is over I am going to have a good long holiday. It was very cold indeed on the sea these last two months, but we are used to it, and don't mind it so much. I often pity our gallant Tönnies over in France, as I'm sure they suffer more hardship than we do. I must say I very much admire the women of England for the great assistance which they have given to the country. Now I will close for the present, with kindest regards to yourself, and all the other Companions."

This Companion's letter would fit very well that description we hear used sometimes—"a breezy letter." I was delighted to receive it, and we shall all be asking "another letter soon, please."

From another of our loyal older boy Companions I have received a long and very interesting letter. He writes:

"I was very pleased to see the photographs of Lena and Philip reproduced in the Corner this month. Lena looks a fine girl, and Philip seems a very intelligent lad—if one can judge by faces. I should say there is grit in both of them. I wonder if the early adoption of another protégé is within the bounds of probability? I trust it is so. I have been reading for University exams., and entered—College last October. I have just finished my first term, and like my surroundings very much. . . . Please accept the enclosed P.O. towards the Violet Fund with my best wishes for the prosperity of the L.V.B.C., financial and otherwise, in the coming year. I wish it was in my power to increase my mite, but at Christmas time money simply evaporates! I think I appreciate something of your difficulty in planning, or formulating, so to speak, the aggressive work of the League. I am sure we all endorse most heartily the object, the general principle of chivalrous citizenship underlying our League, and I know conditions of social service, etc., differ with surroundings: still, concrete plans are always more satisfying. If any such plan crystallises in my brain-box I will set it down! Somehow I think such a great

responsibility rests with the boy citizens: but perhaps our views will alter when women get the vote! Anyway, they richly deserve it, I think."

"Surprises" and other Gifts for the Violet Fund

I had two "lovely surprises" for our Fund at the end of last quarter. One came from MARGARET, MARY, and MYSIE DAVIDSON (Scotland):

"MY DEAR ALISON," ran the note accompanying the gift—"We have very great pleasure in sending you the enclosed £2, which we made by selling lavender bags, pin cushions, table covers, stencilled and embroidered, and other little things. We did not expect to make so much, because the weather was so bad in the summer time and we were unable to have a garden sale as we had hoped. I please accept it with our love, and very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.—Your loving Companion, MARGARET J. DAVIDSON."

And this was the second:

"DEAR ALISON,—We had a sale at school on December 9th. We means Miss Woods (the teacher) and pupils, consisting of myself and three other girls. We each had a stall (excepting one of the music pupils, who helped with the tea), and each got what we could. The people who helped me were some Aunties in Derbyshire, an Auntie in Lincolnshire, and Mother. We realised about £6. One stall was all bought fancy and children's things; another was all fancy 'made' things; and mine was useful, with a few fancy and children's things. We were each to send the money where we liked, so the other two sent theirs to the Red Cross. I got £2, so I am enclosing it with best wishes for the one who wants it most, also a shilling for a badge. I have just recovered from an attack of the 'flu,' and am going out to-day for the first time, to post this letter.—Love from BERYL M. LE GRICE."

Wasn't it delightful to have two "surprises" like that on top of one another? But I had so many lovely letters and gifts just at that time, and hope I have thanked you all, the senders, privately. Here I can only say that more and more I enjoy hearing of your love and thought and energetic work for our protégés. And I know you all feel that it is intensely happy work that we try together to do. Beyond that the success of our Four is a most ample reward for any sacrifice and any service we can make and do, is it not?

Let me briefly run through some of the letters that came with gifts.

GIRLIE BUDD wrote:

"I am enclosing 4s. as a little Christmas gift from 'The Sunbeam,' with all good wishes for future success."

FRANCES M. BOSTON said:

"For months I have had a letter to you pressing heavily on my conscience. I, who used to be a most regular correspondent to all my friends, am now quite the opposite, though not from my own fault, but simply lack of time. I told you I am now a regular worker in the world. After the Christmas

THE QUIVER

rush is over I hope to write you at length, but just at present cannot do more than enclose this P.O. for 4s., with my hearty assurance of continued interest in our scheme. . . . All our young people in Canada seem to be doing well—Philip looks a credit to his school; and my fellow members who have given their time and strength to the promotion of bazaars, concerts, etc., for the good of the scheme have cause to feel rewarded for their self-sacrificing labour."

"DEAR ALISON," wrote ROBERT WALKER (Scotland)—"I write to you at the end of another year to show I am not forgetting you, and to enclose my subscription, P.O. for 2s., for your work for the boys and girls. We do not see much in connection with the war in this far north corner, as we never see any wounded soldiers; but I have two brothers in France still, and one has been killed, so we are interested in it, and wish very much it was ended, and my brothers home again."

Robert is busy helping by doing his "bit" on the land, work of the utmost national importance. We all wish him and his brothers "the best of good luck," and send our sympathy in his missing of the dear one who has given his life for his country.

"Just a line to show that I am not lost," wrote BETTY BALFOUR (Jamaica). "I have not time to write a letter, but am enclosing an order for 5s. for the Fund, with the season's greetings."

Further Cheery Letters

ELSIE HIBBERD has seized the idea that I appreciate regular subscribers:

"I have been thinking things over. I think I could send a small subscription, quarterly, say 2s. 6d. It is not much, but as you always tell us, every little helps."

Hers is a very cheery letter, and the prospect of receiving one such every quarter is quite exhilarating.

Another girl friend sent me her subscription, also with a cheery letter:

"I was so glad to see the picture of Violet in the new QUIVER. What a charming girl she is! I did as you advised me to do in your letter, and mentally contrasted the picture with what 'might have been,' and I felt quite proud to think that I had a share in this great work. I do hope the League will continue to grow and grow."

VERA HEYWOOD found time during rather shorter holidays than usual to write a kind letter and send her gift:

"On Christmas Eve I went with a friend to the Hospital for wounded soldiers. The choir of a church near by and many of their friends were singing carols in each ward. It was very nice, and the wards were beautifully decorated by the men themselves. With every good wish for the coming year, both to yourself and all the members of the L.Y.B.C."

Vera possesses a camera, and was kind enough to send me some "snapshots" of Lake District scenes taken on her holiday last year.

Report on "Philip Lawrence" for quarter ending December 25, 1916: Class 2. Reading, very good; spelling, very good; writing, good; composition, very good; arithmetic, very good; geography, fairly good; English history, fairly good; Scripture, good; elementary science, good; drawing and colour work, good; woodwork, good; conduct, good; conduct in home, good; health, good.

Citizenship

By the way, several of you have asked me to suggest useful books on citizenship. For those who want to get an elementary idea of the working of our State institutions I would mention "A Primer of English Citizenship," by F. Swann, published at 1s. 6d., by Messrs. Longmans. For others who may as yet have caught but a faint glimmer of the spiritual meanings of citizenship I suggest a careful study, to begin with, of Mazzini's "Duty of Man." That is obtainable for 1s. 3d. in "Everyman's Library" (Dent).

I cannot close without acknowledging the unsought and unexpected kindness of Mrs. Hughes and Heriot, Mrs. Hansford, and several anonymous readers who have sent me most welcome gifts of socks and other woolies for the Baby clinic in which I am interested. Where possible, I have sent private notes of thanks, and should do so in every case were it allowed. For each gift I am grateful, believe me.

Lots and lots of letters this month, please, Companions mine.

Phoon.

"THE QUIVER" COMPANIONSHIP FUNDS

Contributions sent in from October 1st to December 30th, 1916:—Brought forward, £2 8s. 10d.; Kathleen N. Cooke (Jamaica), 1s.; Emily Pretsell, 1s.; Isabel Hendry, 1s.; Bertha Hall, 2s.; H. L. P., 1s.; Phyllis Brissenden, 10s.; Mary Jack, 2s. 6d.; Marie E. Goodin (Jamaica), 1s.; Ida and Emil Jones, 5s.; E. D. T., 1s.; Doris Trott, 1s. 6d.; Winifred Ridley, 6d.; Betty McCandlish, 2s. 6d.; Gerlie Budd, 3s.; Marjorie Heard, 2s. 6d.; Isobel Dobson, 10s.; Molly Jackson, 8d.; Mary J. Forbes, 2s.; Olive C. Budd, 3s.; Irene and Florence Fair (for Lena), 10s.; Elsie D. C. Gibson (for Lena), 14s. 3d.; Edith Penn (for Lena), 5s.; Frances M. Boston, 4s.; Bertha Millar, 2s. 6d.; Clara Millar, 2s. 6d.; Henry Davies, 2s.; Beryl M. Le Grice, 12s.; Robert Walker, 2s.; W. Allison Laidlaw, 3s.; Gerlie Budd, 4s.; Frieda Martin (Grenada), 2s. 6d.; Margaret, Mary, and Myrie Davidson, 12s.; Jane Crawford, 5s. Total, £44 18s. 9½d.

Let the Drummer Brighten your Home

Think what a copper or two
spent on a Drummer means.
A soiled skirt renewed—or a
stained blouse refreshed
—and a change of
colour, too.

DRUMMER DYES

"So Easy to Use."

Drummer Dyes can be had
in all useful and fashion-
able colours—for

Window Curtains
Frocks Pinafores
Table Covers Blouses
Cushion Covers
Valances Overalls
Duchesse Sets
Feathers Ribbons
Loose Covers, etc. etc.

Write now for useful Booklet.

EDGE'S, Bolton, Lancs. ☐



"Jason"—the Hosiery that gives the Best

in comfort, fit and appearance. The fleecy "feel,"
clinging perfect fit, and fine quality are points which dis-
tinguish "Jason" hosiery and which appeal to all wearers.



Ladies' Stockings.

In all colours in the "Elite," "Leader," "De Luxe,"
"Triumph," "Excel" and "Bon Ton" ranges at 2/-, 2/3,
2/6, 2/9, 3/- and 4/- per pair.

Socks for Naval and Military Officers and Civilians in Khaki, Grey,
Navy and Black, etc., in the "Popular," "Superb," "Elite," "Leader,"
"De Luxe" and "Excel" ranges at 1/6, 1/9, 2/-, 2/3, 2/6 and 3/- per pair.
Can be obtained in six-pair boxes.

See the "Jason" tab on every pair.

In case of difficulty write THE JASON HOSIERY CO., Leicester.



☐



**"To Cure—is the Voice of the Past.
To Prevent—is the Divine Whisper of the Present."**

INDOOR WORKERS.

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive regulator.

It is *not* from what a man swallows, but from what he digests, that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is, chewing the food thoroughly, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

"A Little at the Right Time, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.



Ideal Milk

The Everyday Milk

'Ideal' Milk is milk and cream as well, and serves every purpose of the two except

"IT WON'T WHIP."

Just the richest cows' milk concentrated to the consistency of cream. Only the useless moisture is removed—nothing is added.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure—No Sugar—No Preservative.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.